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Poetry.

ON THE BANKS OF DEER CRICK.

BY J. WHITCOMB RILEY.

On the banks o' Deer Crick, there's the place for me!—
Worter shinin' past you, jes' as clear as it can be—
See yer shadder in it, and the shadder of the sky,
And the shadder of the buzzard as he goes a-lazin' by;
Shadder of the pizin-vines, and shadder of the brook,
And I purt' nigh said the shadder of the sun-flo'er same and the bees'n—
Well, I never seed the ocean, ner I never seed the sea,
But on the banks o' Deer Crick is grand enough for me!

On the banks o' Deer Crick, a mile or two fum town,
'Long up where the mill race comes a-loafin' down—
Like to get up there, 'mongst the sycamores
And watch the worter at the dam, a-frothin' as she pours;
Crawl out on some old log with my hook and line,
Where the fishes is so thick you can see 'em shine
As they flicker round yer bait, coaxin' you to jerk,
Till you're tired ketchin' of 'em, mighty nigh, as work.

On the banks o' Deer Creek—allus my delight
Jes' to be around there, take it day or night.
Watch the snipes and killdeers foolin' all the day—
And these here little worter bugs, a skootin' every way!
Snake-feeders glancin' round, and dartin' out of sight;
And dew-fall, and bullfrogs, and lightnin'-bugs at night—
Take yer choice of all the places think you'd rather be,
But on the bank o' Deer Creek!—Leave that fer me!

STEALING DIMPLES.

"I was going to kiss the dimples from out the little cheeks,
Where they ripple and they dance every time she langhs or speaks;
She said I shouldn't do it, but I held her fast and tight,
And kissed and kissed the rosy little face with all my might.

And then a pair of eyes twinkled very gravely out,
And a pair of little lips gathered up a doleful pout,
With little drooping corners—no wonder, you will say,
To see such bonny, bonny dimples stolen all away.

I thought I should have kept them for just a little while;
But little Jo th were soon peeping through a little smile,
And then a laugh like sunshine was over all her face,
And every dimple I had stolen was back again in place."

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The fire upon the hearth is low
And there is stillness everywhere—
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight's shadows flittering go;
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish trouble breaks the gloom,
And sad it frets a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little pray'r
And that sweet trouble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear my child's amen,
My mother's face comes back to me—
Divested of her sole I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place—
Oh, for the peace of that dear time—
Oh, for that childish trust sublime—
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet make of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

Our Story Teller.

NORA'S PRAYER-BOOK.

BY MAJOR STEWART HARRISON.

PART I.

I had been settled in Rochester some ten years as a merchant, when, as I sat one morning quietly reading the paper in my office, the following advertisement met my eye:

ONE thousand dollars reward will be paid to any person who can give precise information as to how the late James Smithson met his death on board the William Curtis, on the night of the 23d of August, 1854. Address Jacob Sharper, Esq., 240 Fulton street, New York.

You will wonder why this made me turn pale and sick, but it did, and for this reason. I knew the late James Smithson. I was his fellow-passenger on board the William Curtis, and I was one of the persons who last saw him alive. We were coming from England, I to make my fortune, he to return to his native land; and I had felt for him an instinctive repugnance that I took little pains to conceal. He was a big, burly, bullying fellow, who had made a fortune, and was now spending it and boasting of it as such people will. He disliked me as cordially as I detested him; and being the only cabin passengers, we necessarily rubbed against one another to an extent almost unbearable.

I remember one day after dinner we were sitting in sulky silence over our grog, when a sudden lurch of the vessel sent the scalding fluid out of my glass all over his clothes.

"Curse you," he exclaimed, "you awkward fool—what are you doing? Can't you hit out like a man, if you want to vent your spleen, and not throw boiling water over me like a dangerous idiot?"

I had already begun to explain, but was silent for a little after this attack, and then merely said: "There was no intention to insult or vent spleen; the occurrence was barely accidental."

"Hang accidents! I've found that accidents happen very conveniently sometimes; and you shall pay for this as soon as ever we're out of this accursed tub. If you are a man—which I doubt—you shall give me a meeting for this, I promise you; and I'll try whether you can handle a pistol as well as you can throw glasses, you cowardly Britisher."

"If you use such language to me, I'll—"

"Throw another, won't you? you plucky little Bantam?"

I was maddened beyond all endurance, and I rushed at him and struck him full in the face as he stood up. He fell, and as he rose, drew out his revolver and shot at me. I stooped, and the ball shattered the swing-compass in the skylight; he raised the revolver again, but the steward and the captain having by this time arrived, the pistol was taken from him.

I explained the circumstances, and the captain at once said that unless we would give our word not to renew the dispute in any way, he would put us both under lock and key.

After some little demur, we agreed to this.

I went to my stateroom and turned in and determined that I would not again speak to the brute. In the morning I met the captain at breakfast, and he cautioned me in a friendly way against Smithson.

"Mind what you are about; don't give him a chance. He'd think no more of dropping you overboard, or putting a knife into you, than I do of cutting this bread. Don't go too near the rail, and see that there's a bit of rope over the side if you go forward; and if you do find yourself a mile away over the quarter some fine night, don't say I didn't warn you. Clear away, steward."

"Mr. Smithson hasn't sat down yet, sir."

"Never mind; he's sulking perhaps, clear away."

I went on deck and came down again at dinner time. We were all seated—that is, the chief officer, the captain and myself, when we missed Smithson.

"Call Mr. Smithson, steward. We mustn't spoil our dinner with his sulks."

The steward opened his door and came back.

"He's not there, sir."

"Not there! Where the devil is he, then? Has anybody seen him this morning?"

Inquiry was made, and no one knew anything about him. The men had seen him go forward at about eight bells, but no one had set eyes on him since.

"Where the devil can he be?" said the captain. "He must be in the ship, unless you took my hint the wrong way and put him out of the way, youngster."

"I can assure you I never left my room until breakfast time this morning, captain."

In a further search, we failed to find any traces of the missing man except one. A large brass belaying-pin was discovered jammed between the iron that supported the starboard fore chains and the vessel's side. It must have been thrown overboard, and by one of those mysterious chances that sometimes occur, lodged itself there. it could not have been put there, for the man who saw it could not reach it without the assistance of two others. It was brought on deck, taken to the cabin, and examined. Nothing was found on it; it was clean as if it had never left the rack. Where did it come from? It was soon found to be one of the spare pins round the foremost rails. The two things looked like foul play. I could not deny it. The steward remembered that Mr. Smithson drank a good deal after I left the cabin that night before, and the man at the wheel thought he seemed a little unsteady, but he lost sight of him as he went forward.

The entries were made in the log; and life went on in its old course, except that I was regarded with a suspicion and mistrust that made me envy the victim or suicide who calmly slept in the sea beneath me.

The voyage ended, the whole story was laid before the authorities at New York; and after a merely formal examination, I was told that there was no evidence against me, and I left the place, vowing never willing to set foot in it again.

It is no wonder, then, that knowing all this, I should be startled to see this advertisement. It had for me the horrible fascination of the snake. I knew that out of it would spring misery and trouble unending, and yet I could not take my eyes off it. The ten years' interval shrank up into a dreamtime, and the feeling was as if I had but that moment heard the steward's voice: "He's not there, sir." It upset me for the day. I could do nothing.

I had not long to wait the fulfillment of my prophetic feelings. About a fortnight after the date of the advertisement, I was waited on by an extremely polite person, who said: "I have called to settle this little account of Messrs. Wilson Bros. Will you give me a receipt?"

I sat at the desk, wrote out a receipt, and signed it; he looked over my shoulder all the time. When I turned the line under my name, and put the dot at the end, he touched me on the shoulder, and said: "I thought so. I arrest you for the murder of James Smithson."

"I am—"

"You know I shall have to repeat all you say, so don't say anything. How's business in these parts? It's rather dull in New York."

I was stunned; I made no answer.

"How will you go? Quietly, I suppose; most gentlemen do. But just as you please," and he pulled out of his pocket a pair of handcuffs, and opened his coat to show the butt of his revolver. "Its much pleasanter traveling without these."

"Yes, yes; I'll go quietly enough, only I want an hour or two to arrange my affairs here."

"Oh, certainly; only you must pay the excess fare—Uncle Sam doesn't allow express fares on these occasions. I see I can trust you; and mind, I leave my reputation with you. I shall call for you for the five o'clock express. You can settle your affairs and look over your papers, and I'll go and see your town. Don't forget five o'clock," and he left.

The blow had fallen. I was hit. All the little wealth I had collected was to go to defend my life. I called on my solicitor and told him about it.

"Awkward for you, very, for you were a rising man, a very rising man."

"I am as innocent—"

"Oh, of course, my dear fellow. But I am thinking how we'd best administer the estate for you. If it gets wind you'll have more difficulty in getting your money. What's the amount out—twenty thousand dollars?"

"About that; say twenty two."

"Well, you'd better sell. I'll find you a buyer for the whole concern for, say ten thousand dollars in hard cash. You can leave it with me. Come back here at four and I'll have the papers ready."

"Ten thousand is rather small for twenty-two clear surplus."

"Well, as you like. Name your lowest and I'll see what can be done; only remember, you've but four hours to do it in, and don't put it too high. To-morrow morning your surplus will be, as far as your chance of getting it is concerned, very small indeed."

"Well, get twelve if you can; if not, ten; and let me see you in New York."

"Right you are. I was going for my vacation to that very place, and now I'll combine business and pleasure. Call at 4, mind."

I wandered back to the office, told the chief clerk that I had to leave, and had sold the business and would introduce the purchaser that afternoon, and then I sat down with my head on my hands, utterly broken down.

At four I went back to the lawyer's office, made out the necessary papers, and at five promptly met the officer of the law at my own place of business.

During the journey to New York the detective became quite friendly, and told me how the matter came to be revived. It appeared that, unknown to his immediate relatives, Mr. Smithson had insured his life for a very large amount in favor of his brother, before going to Europe; the policy he had put in a box of papers left with his bankers. The papers on his death had been looked over by the solicitor's clerk, and no one knowing anything of the policy, it had escaped his careless observation by being hidden between the parchments of a lease. Some few months before my arrest, it became necessary to refer to the papers; the policy was found, and a claim made by the brothers on the office. The reply was that there was no evidence of James Smithson's death not being the result of his own act; he might have thrown himself overboard, and in that case the policy would be invalid.

"The row with you," said the officer, "as described in the papers at the time, was remembered, and the advertisement inserted. You see it was not of much consequence to any one whether he was murdered or jumped overboard, until it became a question of some fifty thousand dollars on a disputed policy. The brother is, of course, quite willing to spend half in securing evidence of his murder, and you can get a good deal of evidence for twenty-five thousand dollars, so you will have rather a hard time of it. It's worth, you see, about twenty-five thousand dollars to him to see you hanged, and he'll do it if he can."

I was horror-struck. The man talked not of any question of innocence or guilt, but of questions of bought evidence and money. It's an awful position to be in, that some one should gain some thousands of dollars by your being hanged.

PART II.

I need not describe the preliminary examinations and commitment. I was two months awaiting my trial, and all the evidence I could get in my favor amounted to nothing. On the other side there was the evidence of the quarrel; and last there was the evidence of two of the crew, who on oath had testified that they saw myself and the murdered man on the forecastle together, that I struck him with a belaying-pin, and then threw him overboard.

What could I hope for against such witnesses? The steward and the captain were both dead, and these two shameless fiends had concocted this story under the inducements of a large reward. It was clear I was to be the victim of a miserable speculation to gain money.

The day of the trial came at last. I was taken into the court-house between two turnkeys. The counsel for the prosecution in stating his case, dwelt long on the animus shown in the quarrel at dinner, and concluded by calling his witnesses.

The cabin boy and the chief mate told the story of the quarrel; the man at the wheel told of the last time he had seen the deceased alone; and then came the two witnesses.

"I have to request your honor," said my counsel, "that one of these witnesses be ordered out of court during the evidence of the other."

The first one was put in the box and duly examined. I remembered his face, and that was all.

He stated that he was on the lookout that night, and that, just after eight bells he heard two men come on to the forecastle. They were disputing, and he knew by their voices that they were the deceased and the prisoner. The prisoner suddenly drew out of his pocket a belaying pin, and struck the deceased over the head with it, and as he was falling, pushed him, so that he fell overboard. The witness made no alarm, it took him so by surprise, and the other witness, Patrick Murphy, then came up and told him to hold his row, and they should get a pull on the young fellow yet, by keeping quiet. He wanted to tell the captain, but Murphy said if he did he would lose his time, and perhaps get locked up as a witness, and get nothing for his trouble.

My counsel then asked him how he knew I was the person.

Because of the voice, and because at the time the moon was shining full on my face, so that he could not make any mistake.

The other witness was then called—a pale, red-haired, sallow-faced wretch, with very small, pinkish eyes, white eyelashes, a large, wide, straight mouth, and one of those unpleasant noses which look as if some violent blow with a sharp instrument had cut it in two, horizontally, just above the tip.

His evidence was substantially the same as that of the former witness.

"Why have you said nothing about this before?"

"Smithson was nothing to me."

"And no consideration of justice induced you to give this information?"

"Naw! What do I care for justice? If we'd opened our mouths we'd a' been looked after all the rest of the voyage; and instead of having our lark ashore, we'd a' been hanging about this 'ere court for a dollar a day or so. If Justice wants me she must pay me."

"What induced me to come forward now?"

"I saw an advertisement, and says I, now that's something like; one thousand dollars is something. Justice is doing it handsome and no mistake."

"To whom did you first give the information?"

"To Mr. Sharper, and he promised if the prisoner was hanged, as I hope he will be, me and my mate should have double that amount."

"An irrepressible cry of "shame!" here rose from the body of the court-room.

"Silence! Silence!" said the ushers.

"One more question, your honor, and I have done with one of the vilest beings it has ever been my lot to question. Are you, remembering that you are on your oath, prepared to state the prisoner was the man who struck the blow? How do you know it?"

"I saw him, I tell you, in the bright moonlight—it was full moon, as light as day."

"You can go down."

"The officers in charge of the case will see that the witnesses do not leave the court until it is concluded," said the judge.

The counsel for the prosecution restated their case, and it seemed very strong indeed. As he sat down I felt almost guilty; I was almost convinced that in some horrible moment of frenzy I had done this deed without knowing it.

My counsel did what he could; but I could see long before the judge rose to charge the jury, that I was a doomed man.

Temperately and dispassionately the judge summed up the case and retired. th jury withdrawing immediately afterwards.

I sat there, looking at the scene in a sort of stupefaction, when suddenly I felt that I was an object of extreme interest to a very beautiful young girl in the gallery. She was looking at me, and yet not at me, but rather looking through me to something beyond. My eyes met hers, which were full of tears, and broke the spell; she looked another way. Presently, as I looked, I saw her start, turn pale, and fall back in her seat. It was only a moment. She suddenly tore—literally tore off her gloves—and talking her pencil and tablets, and what looked like a prayer book from her pocket, leaned upon the rail in front, and seemed to be making some calculations, putting down figure after figure. I watched her in silence for a quarter of an hour, and then saw her, as she put away the pencil and book look down at me. A smile of triumph lighted her face as she breathed out to me with her lips the word "Hope."

She struggled through the crowded gallery, came into the court, and speaking to an usher, was brought to the constable's seat. She spoke to my counsel and showed her tablets and books.

He seemed thunderstruck, and said loudly enough for me to hear him as I leaned over the deck-rail: "My God! how could I have forgotten it! My dear girl, sit still."

A messenger was at once sent for the judge, who presently came into court.

"Your honor," said my counsel, "I have taken this most unusual course because I have this moment only received from the witness whom I shall put in the box, a communication which is of the greatest moment to my unhappy client, the prisoner at the bar; and I have to beg that your honor will be pleased to summon the jury from their room to hear the statement of this witness."

"A most unusual request," said the judge. "We will consult with the judges in the other courts and let you know," and he left the room.

What could that girl who sat so silent and so pale, have to do with me? I traced back and thought of every face I had seen, but hers was not there. I had never seen her before.

What a weary time it was. Messengers hurried to and fro; the officer who had arrested me, and had since proved my friend, was everywhere. First, he came in with a thick quarto volume, over which my counsel and his junior and the girl looked, and pointed out a certain page, seemed quite satisfied and happy; then he pushed up near the witness-box an individual who looked like a well-to-do tradesman. Then the ushers cried, "Pray, silence in the court," as the judge re-entered.

"I have consulted with the other judges, who think that under the circumstances you may recall the jury."

The jury came in, looking, in their surprise, like men wakened out of a sleep.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "the counsel for the defense wishes you to hear a witness who has suddenly presented himself."

"Herself, your honor."

"Herself, who has, in his opinion, most important evidence to offer in this matter. You will carefully guard against giving it any undue weight, coming as it does in the form of a surprise."

"Call Patrick Murphy," said my counsel, Murphy came in. "Now, you remember you swore you saw the prisoner inflict the wound on the deceased."

"I did. I saw him as clearly as I see you now. It was a bright, full moon, as light as day. I saw his face plainly."

"That will do. Call Phelim O'Curra." He came. "You said just now you saw the prisoner inflict the blow on the deceased."

"I did, sir; I saw him as well as I see him now."

"What kind of a night was it?"

"Full, bright moonlight, as light almost as it is now."

"You can go. Call Lenora Warrington." The girl in the counsel's seat rose and went into the box.

"Your name is Lenora Warrington?"

"Yes."

"What are you?"

"Teacher at the Brooklyn Female college."

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"No."

"Nor the deceased?"

"No."

"Now will you state to the jury what you know about this matter?"

"The evidence against the prisoner turned upon his identity, which was established by his having been seen. It occurred to me, to try if it were possible that he could be seen. The table in my prayer-book shows that the Pascal full moon by which Easter is determined, fell, in 1854, on the 12th of April. The period between full moon and full moon is 29 days, 12 hours and 34 minutes. If then, the full moon fell on April 12th, it would fall respectively on the 11th of May, the 10th of June, the 9th of July, and the 8th of August. On the 23rd of August it would be new moon; it would therefore be impossible to see him, as they describe, for there was at that time *no moon visible.*"

There was a dead silence while she spoke, and for about a second afterwards, and then the court-house rang with shouts—people got up and shook hands with one another; my counsel pressed up to me and shook my hand and slapped me on the back; and for five minutes it seemed a perfect babel—men and women crying and shouting.

"Silence in the court!" chorussed the monotonous voices of the ushers.

"And beside the book, and the calculations which I hold in my hand, what other evidence have you of the truth of this statement, which we are of course unable to deal with?"

"I have, your honor," said my counsel, "the Nautical Almanac for the year 1854, and you will see at once that there was no moon on that night, the 23d of August."

"Has the counsel for the prosecution any question to ask this witness?"

"Yes, your honor. Now mind, witness, you are on oath. Do you know the prisoner?"

"No."

"Never saw him before?"

"Never, till I saw him in the dock today. I heard of the trial, and I knew the name of Rydon well; it was the name of my late father's oldest and best friend, and I thought it possible this might be his son or a relative."

"And what is your opinion, now you have seen him? Fine looking fellow for a husband, eh?"

"Confine yourself, sir," said the judge, "to questions bearing on the case. Withdraw the question."

"I will amend it, your honor. Do you think he is the son of your father's friend?"

"I am sure of it as I could be of anything, if the portrait my father had is correct."

"You may retire, Miss Warrington," said the judge, "and carry with you the thanks of the court and the jury for your assistance."

She left the court with but one glance of sympathy at me. I knew and felt I was safe. She had no sooner left the box than the well-to-do tradesman occupied it.

"I want to give evidence in this case."

"Swear him, usher," said the judge, impatiently.

"Now," said my counsel, "state what you know, my good man."

"I am a jeweler and watchmaker. I believe the seal to Phelim O'Curra's watch charm is the seal I made for Mr. Smithson before he went to Europe."

"Will you swear to it?"

"Yes, if I may handle it for a second."

O'Curra was brought in, and the moment the jeweller touched the seal the former slunk down as if struck.

"What are you doing?" he asked in a voice, husky with passion and fear.

"That is the seal, your honor, and this is the watch," said the jeweler, as he pulled a gold repeater out of O'Curra's pocket.

I was acquitted without the jury leaving their seats, and in a few days had the satisfaction of hearing that the other man had confessed that the two together had committed the murder for Smithson's watch and his money. The man's wearing the very watch and seal in court was one of those instances, so abundant in the annals of criminal life, of men forgetting nothing but the very thing necessary to secure their safety.

I lay for days and days with a brain fever, carefully and faithfully nursed by my officer friend, and when I awoke to reason I thought I was madder than ever, and in the land of angels, for I saw one seated at my bedside. How the officer persuaded her I don't know, but there she was, and as I grew better she nursed me like a sister, and being both alone in the world, what wonder that we drifted nearer and nearer to each other, until at last there could be none nearer or dearer.

A Very Natural Mistake.

A gentlemen who had just arrived from Boston last Sunday evening dropped into a church on his way to a hotel while the minister was describing the glories of heaven.

"Must be a beautiful place," whispered a man in the same pew.

"Beautiful!" replied the Bostonian, "beautiful is no name for it. I left there this morning."

"Left heaven this morning?" said his amazed neighbor.

"Heaven? Is he describing heaven?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'll be everlastingly Americanized if I didn't think he was describing Boston."

The Modern Drama.

Youthful Daughter—Oh, mamma, the play was perfectly lovely. I liked it better than any thing I have ever seen.

Mother—Better than Mary Anderson?

Youthful Daughter—Why, yes, mamma. Only think there was a railroad accident, a burglary, a murder, and then just think, mamma, there were three villains in the plot!

Humor.

MEXICAN PEPPER TEA.

Alex E. Sweet Tells of His Boyish Experience in Curing Chills.

I was a mere boy in San Antonio, Texas, when chills and fever, which were doing a large retail business in the town, seized me and flopped me down hard on a couch of illness. The usual remedies were tried and acquitted, and then a regular ordained doctor was called on. He immediately went to work. He did not break up the fever, which was in perpetual session, but he succeeded in transferring into my system most of the *materia medica* of a drug store in which he owned a half interest.

The more strong medicine I took the weaker I got, so the doctor was requested to hunt up another boy.

My condition had now become very serious, particularly to me, personally. The fever was chronic, and the chills called around once a day and shook me to see if I was alive. On such occasions the neighbors could hear my bones rattle, so thin had I become.

Kind friends and neighbors drifted in. They stood over me, looking down on me with sad eyes and saying: "This is what we all have to come to. Death admires a shining mark," etc.

A lady, who lived next door, took my hand, and said she thought my pants would fit her little boy Johnny, and she spoke reproachfully of my holding out so long. She wanted to wrap up the pants and take them with her. For all I cared, she might have wrapped up my skeleton, too, and taken them with her for Johnny to play with. I had no idea of ever having any more use for it myself.

Just at this crisis, an old lady, named Brown, came up from the country, and hearing that I was lying in state, and that it was a free thing, came in to take a look at me.

She scoffed at the idea of my dying. She knew of a plain, simple Mexican remedy that would get me out of that bed in two weeks. Her remarks were prophetic. It got me out of bed in two seconds—but I anticipate.

"I'll have that boy up and stealin' peaches again in no time," she said.

N. B.—She had once been a neighbor of ours, and owned a peach orchard.

"Now," said she, "if you will keep that reskelly boy alive for ten minits till I fix him up some *chiltepine* pepper tea, he will be up to some deviltry before to-morrow night."

She went into the kitchen and in a short time she returned with a bowl of pepper tea which she bade me quaff. I quaffed about a pint of it, and then I had to use my mouth to yell. It was scalding hot, and my throat, and all thereunto belonging, was parboiled.

She passed out of the door just in time to avoid stopping the bowl and the rest of the pepper tea with her head. Arrayed in a long graceful *robe de nuit* I arose from my couch of illness and executed a beautiful song and dance movement among the broken furniture and the weary watchers, who oozed out through the windows and left me alone with my grief.

Looking back at this little incident through the vista of years, I am still convinced that the old lady was trying to get even with me for stealing her peaches, and I can lay my hand on my heart and say that she did.

DOWN ON THE JERICHO ROAD.

Bob Burdette Delivers a Little Homily to a Fast Young Man.

So you have got yourself into trouble, my son? Gone a little wrong, have you? Yes, well, that means you know that you have gone clear wrong, because there is only one kind of right and one kind of wrong; there's no mugwumpery in morals, my boy. And you've had such a hard time getting back that it's made you a little bitter and cynical, and you think all the world is rather hard and selfish and pitiless, and especially severe on you? Well, I wouldn't feel that way at all, if I were you. I don't think I ever did feel that way, and I know more about it than you do. I've been further down on the Jericho road than you. Went down there to let my beard grow. Great town for toots, from away back. It's a bad country. Never heard of but one good woman in Jericho, and she didn't move in good society. But, my son, it isn't society's fault that you got into trouble. You knew what the Jericho road was before you went down that way. You knew there was a curse on the town. You were safe enough in Jerusalem; why didn't you stay there? Don't feel bitterly toward all the world because you fell among thieves and got cleaned out. It is a kind, good-natured, forgiving old world, if you give it a chance to be forgiving. True, it doesn't always look that way to a fellow in trouble, because then the fellow is apt to look at the wrong people. You found on the Jericho road, say six or eight thieves—that is, half a dozen professionals and the two amateurs who passed by on the other side—and only one good Samaritan, and naturally it seems to you that the leaven of good is utterly lost in that great mass of rascality and hypocrisy, but bless you, my son, in the great, honest, living world, in the world that is trying to do right and trying to lead men to better things than Jericho excursions, in the only world that really loves and cares for just such young fellows as you, in the real world of men and women who deal with the young man all the more gently when his smarting wounds are deepest, the one good Samaritan outweighs a regiment of these villains who beat you, and robbed you, and passed you by on the road to Jericho. Never mind the priest and the Levite, my son. They were going down to Jericho, too, you remember, that's the kind of priests they were. And one closing word, my son. Unless you are smarter and stronger than the thieves down Jericho way—and I guess may be you are not; very few men are—why, you keep off that road. You stay in Jerusalem, and you'll have more money and less headache.

The Reason He Didn't Get It.

"Well, this is a pretty time for you to get home, Mr. Grap," carrolled his better half as that gentleman appeared before her in the early morning hours. "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself to leave me alone this way."

"I couldn't help it my dear. I had to see a man, you know."

"Had to see a man, did you?"

"Yes, my dear."

"What did you have to see him about?"

"About some money, my love."

"You saw him, I suppose?"

"Yes, my darling, I saw him."

"Did you get the money?"

"No, my dear."

"What did the man say?"

"He said 'four aces.'"

Secrets of the Household.

"Will you have a piece of pie, Mr. Goodman?" asked Bobby's mother of the minister.

"Thanks; no," he replied.

"Will you, Bobby?" she inquired.

"N-no, I guess not," said Bobby, rather hesitatingly.

The minister looked at Bobby in surprise. "I thought all little boys were fond of pie," he said.

"They are," replied Bobby. "I could eat that hull pie; but ma said if you didn't take any I musn't, an' she'd save it for to-morrow."

POSTPONED HIS TRIP.

How a Weak Woman Saved the Indians from Complete Extermination.

A murderous-looking character stalked into the Erie depot yesterday afternoon. His broad form was encircled by a belt, from which peeped two revolvers, and over all was thrown a blue hunting-jacket, which barely sufficed to hide the arsenal beneath. Walking calmly up the ticket-office he demanded in piping tones a ticket for some Western station which he had read of in "Ragged Jack, the Indian Poisoner."

The benign agent looked askant at the little trapper and recognized Jimmy, the 10-year old son of Mrs. Lane of Newmarket avenue.

Meanwhile the passengers in the waiting room were put onto the little joke and stood in groups gazing with exaggerated interest at the future scout. Jimmy was perfectly conscious of the attention he was receiving, and would insist on drawing a huge knife from his coat and picking his teeth with it, just like "Texas Pete" always did. Then he would slide off the seat and strut towards the water-cooler. As he passed, the bystanders shrank back in feigned dismay and whispered timidly together. This kind of thing seemed to satisfy the bloodthirsty youth, and thus the time passed until his mother rushed in with the maternal palm itching for practice. She stalked up behind her adventurous offspring with her umbrella well in hand and demanded in a rather discouraging way:

"What are you making such a fool of yourself for? Come right home this instant or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life. Where did you get those guns?" pointing at the military display on his heaving chest.

She evidently meant all she said, for when Jimmy pointed one of his revolvers at her with the hope that at last she would give up her vain endeavor to capture a hunter she flashed open her umbrella and stood securely behind it. Then, closing it with a bang, she grasped Jimmy in two places and jerked him out into the street. Then out came the maternal knee, over went Jimmy, and down came the experienced palm. James yelled like a whole tribe of his intended victims and yielded the point. With drooping feather he walked quietly home, his mother hiding the firearms under her shawl.

Soon they disappeared from sight, and the passengers, with a laugh, turned to find out when the "next train" started to their respective destinations.—*New York World.*

Will be Boys.

"Boys will be boys," observed a traveler from the South, "and I guess it doesn't make much difference whether they are white or black, city or country. Down where I have been in Florida there's a little black boy hanging about the place, and he is the laziest chap I ever saw. He is too lazy to eat. He sleeps two-thirds of the time, and doesn't get more than half awake the other third. He has no ambition to do anything but snooze and get enough grub to keep him from hunger. A few days before I left I was taking a walk down by the shore of the bayou, when I heard a scream. Rushing into the tall grass and weeds that fringe the water I saw the most horrible sight my eyes ever beheld. That colored boy was hanging with his hands to a sapling, and his feet were in the mouth of a huge alligator. It was plain to me that the pickaninny had been asleep and the 'gator had crawled up and seized him. I was so horrified that it seemed as if my heart would refuse to beat. I wouldn't look upon such a spectacle again for $10,000. It drove me finally wild. I had no weapon, and as you may imagine I was frantic. It is my firm belief that the sight of that 'gator with his awful jaws upon the poor boy's feet knocked an even ten years out of my life."

"But did you succeed in saving the boy?"

"He didn't need any saving. The little rascal was as safe as you are this minute. As I seized a fence rail and rushed up to beat the reptile over the head, that boy grinned at me in delight. You see, the alligator was a dead one, and the pickaninny had gone down there and stuck his feet in his mouth and hollered when he saw me walking his way. I guess the laziest kid that ever lived was not too lazy to play a prank."

Oiling a Crank.

The palatial steamer Mary Powell was on her daily trip up the Hudson. A number of passengers had gathered around the open door of the engine room, looking with interests at the movements of the ponderous machinery. Among the passengers was Sam Foster, a New York gentleman, who is a practical joker. He is a young man of means and was elegantly dressed. He is moreover a very good amateur ventriloquist.

"Now, boys," said Foster, "let us have some fun with the engineer."

A creaking, squeaking noise was heard among the machinery. The engineer was somewhat startled, and he lubricated various and sundry parts of the machinery with great industry and an oil can. The latter contained half a pint of oil.

Foster nudged one of his boon companions in the ribs, and pretty soon the machinery squeaked again. Once more the engineer calmed down a suspected piston by anointing it with his alleviator.

The squeaking still continued, and Foster pointed out the place that needed oiling. Once more the engineer took his alleviator, and removing the cork, poured the contents down the back of the festive Foster, and over his forty dollar suit of suit of clothes.

"There," said the engineer, "I don't think that crank will squeak again in a hurry."—*Texas Siftings.*

Bill Nye on His Birth Place.

A man ought not to criticise his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house. There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in later years into mutual respect and esteem. It was there that what might be termed a casual meeting took place that has, under the alchemy of resistless years, turned to golden links, forming a pleasant but powerful bond of union between my parents and myself. For that reason I hope that I may be spared to my parents for many years to come.

There on that spot, with no inheritance but a predisposition to premature baldness and a bitter hatred to rum; with no personal property but a misfit suspender and a stone bruise, began a life history which has never ceased to be a warning to people who sell groceries on credit.

Changing Her Dog.

And these belles have their griefs, too. I heard one tell hers to a friend.

"You are looking quite sad to-day, I do declare," said a sympathizer; "what in goodness' name is the matter?"

"Oh, I've had to give up my pug, and it almost breaks my heart," was the reply. "I kept him beyond the fashion, I was so awfully fond of him; but one can't quite be left away behind the styles, you know, and I had to displace him with a spaniel. I have him tenderly cared for, of course, and he'll be happy enough for life, but that doesn't assuage my own grief. Oh, this frequent changing of one's dog is enough to crush a sensitive nature."

KIRALFY'S ELEPHANT.

A Remarkably Good Imitation—Imre's Bet.

Imre Kiralfy, one of the proprietors of "Around the world in 80 days," now being presented at the opera-house, has no conception for a joke. Life for him is full of seriousness. When the piece was being performed in Philadelphia some time ago the Kiralfy's first introduced the elephant. Elephants cost money and Imre was very proud of his acquisition. One night, Commodore Tooker, another New York theatrical manager and a lawyer named Russell occupied a box. They agreed that when Imre came in they would unite in protesting that the animal was "made up"—that is a "property" elephant. Kiralfy soon appeared, and Russell remarked:

"That's a remarkably well made-up elephant, isn't it? One would almost imagine he was alive. But I think they wag his tail too much. The stage manager ought to tell the man about that."

"Zat elephant wags hees tail hemself," said Kiralfy.

Russell paid no attention, but continued: "Yes, it's a very good imitation, very. The legs are a little bad, to be sure, but on the whole it's the best stage elephant I ever saw."

Kiralfy blurted out. "Zat elephant eats 800 pound hay effry day, and I pay ten dollair a day for him. Vy, sair, zat elephant vas born in India, and vas emported by ze great VanAmburgh. He cost feefty tousand dollaire, and is ze best pairforming elephant in ze countree. He can stand on hees het, on his trunk—"

"Oh, you'll say tail next," interrupted Russell. "But it won't go down. Why, man alive, any fool can see it's a property elephant. Look at his legs—Look at his—"

"I tell you hee's a real elephant, as mooch alive as you arr zis minneet. Vy, I can—ah, I have you!" stopping suddenly and producing a big pocket-book, I vill bet you von hundred dollaire zat he is a real live elephant," and he slapped his pocket-book triumphantly.

Russell quietly took out a roll of bills, counted out a fifty and five tens and handed them to Tooker, saying, "Put your money in Joe's hands."

Russell's coolness and confidence staggered Kiralfy for a moment. He turned and looked anxiously at the elephant. There he stood, his little pig-like eyes blinking in the glare of the footlights, his huge body gently rocking from side to side, and his much talked of tail oscillating uneasily. There could be no doubt about his being alive. Kiralfy handed his $100 to the stakeholder. "How is this bet to be decided?" asked the stakeholder.

"At ze close of zis act ze elephant goes to his stable. Ve vill go, too, and then you shall decide," said Imre.

News of the bet spread and there were a dozen persons present at the stable when the disputants arrived. Imre was accompanied by his brother Bolossy, his counterpart in appearance and characteristics. The party entered the dimly lighted stable. There stood the elephant doing his best to prove Kiralfy's assertion that he ate 800 pounds of hay each day. At the command of his keeper the beast backed out of his stall and proceeded, though rather unwillingly, to go through his performances. He stood on his head, hind feet, one foot, and did all that a well-trained elephant could be expected to do, and much more. At each new display Imre's face fairly shone with triumph. He shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows, and stood on his toes in joy. When the last trick was done, he rushed to the stakeholder and said, "Now I tink your frient vill not doubt but zat he is a very live elephant. I tink zat money is mine," and he reached out his hand.

The stakeholder looked at him pityingly as he answered, "No, Mr. Kiralfy, I am constrained to say that you have lost. I will admit that at first I thought you were about to win, but after what I have seen I am confident that no live elephant could do so much; and that what you call an elephant is simply a very wonderful and complicated piece of machinery, quite remarkable in it way, but by no means alive. Here is your money, Mr. Russell."

Well, to say that Imre was mad but faintly expresses it. He raged—and Bolossy with him. They called the party thieves, blacklegs, liars, coming to Philadelphia to swindle honest people. The New York party retired, first leaving Imre's $100 in the hands of Goodwin, Kiralfys' stage manager. When an hour later Imre received his money again, he smiled feebly.—*Cleveland Press.*

How It Is Done.

Did you ever listen to a young couple working up to that point of affectionate intimacy at which they call one another by their Christian names?

"It has been a lovely party, hasn't it, Miss Jackson?"

"Lovely, Mr. Wilkins."

"I have known you a long time, Miss Jackson."

"And I have known you quite a while."

"I've often heard my sister speak of you."

"And my brother is always talking about you."

"Is he? I hear so much about you that I feel quite at home with you."

"It's a lovely night, isn't it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Beautiful. I think Edith's such a pretty name."

"Do you? I don't like it."

"Edith!"

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing; I was merely repeating the name."

"I don't like all men's names. I like some. I like Philip, and Ferdinand and"—

"What do you think of George?"

"That's your name. George."

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, nothing; I was only repeating the name."

"What a lovely night it is, isn't it, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, there! George Wilkins, what did you let me slip on that cobble for?"

"Pon my word, I didn't do it Miss Edith."

"Well, we are home, or I am, Mr. George."

"I am very sorry."

"So am I. I'm so much obliged for your escort; I've had such a lovely time."

"And so have I."

"Good night, Mr. Wilkins."

"Good night, Miss Jackson."

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night—Edith."

"Good night—George."

Tempora Mutantur.

"You surely are not going out in all this rain with your new silk stockings on, my dear?"

"Oh, but I am, m

Recent Literature.

THE PRINCIPLES OF EXPRESSION IN PIANOFORTE PLAYING. By Adolph H. Christiani. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This volume, which is dedicated to the great musician, Franz Liszt, is written, the author says, for two purposes, the one to give a systematic exposition of the principles of expression in pianoforte playing, and the other to dispel an erroneous popular belief that expression is a manifestation of feeling only, or that feeling is the sole basis of expression, and to prove that intelligence is the chief requirement of expression. He seems to have accomplished what has not been done before in this direction, and his work cannot fail to prove of great value to musical students everywhere. It is the summing up of long years of labor with this object in view. The book is well gotten up in typography and binding.

THE UNRIVALLED COOK-BOOK AND HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE. By M. S. Washington. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This appears to be a collection of very good recipes for cooking, many of them claimed by the author to be new. There are 200 Creole recipes, furnished to the editor by a friend in whose family they have been heirlooms for more than a century. A good many foreign recipes have also been introduced. Taken altogether it will be a very welcome addition to the cook book literature of the day.

ROSE AND ELZA. Songs and Stories of Bygone Days in Fayette County and Elsewhere. By E. D. Howard. O. Jenkins' Sons, New York. Price, $1.75.

This is a book that cannot be read without pleasure mingled with pain. The stories told of pioneer life, of what those who went in the early days into new countries endured in hardships and sickness, of the sad partings, and in some cases of the almost sad meetings, are graphically told. There is one chapter devoted to the character and works of the first temperance worker in that part of Ohio in which she lived, and it is well worth a reading to show what a woman, single-handed, can do when battling with a wrong. The book, as a whole, is not only entertaining, but its high moral character recommends it for home reading.

HARD TIMES. A Few Suggestions to the Workers and a Friendly Hint to the Rich. By John Smith. Industrial Union Publishing Co. Chicago. Price 75 cents.

The author of this little work has given in a concise and very plain way, what he believes to be the causes of hard times, and the practical remedies. Many of his ideas seem to be based upon common sense, and to be the result of practical thought. The book will bear a careful reading.

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN. By E. P. Roe. Dodd, Meade & Co., New York.

This story, given to the public in book form, was originally published as a serial in *St. Nicholas*, and found great favor with the young folks. The characters, Mr. Roe says, are all imaginary; the scenes in the main, are real, and the labors performed by the children in the story were not unknown in his own childhood.

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR INDIA. Being an Account of the Encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, and of the difficulties Sure to Arise Therefrom to England. By Arminius Vambery. Cassell & Company, New York.

The writer of this volume has done a timely work in giving a description of the past events which have led up to the present condition of things in Central Asia. It will be read with interest by all those who have been watching the course of events there for the last year or two. The writer seems to have collected facts as a groundwork for the opinions which he expresses of the struggle which must come sooner or later between the two countries, England and Russia. He has also given an idea of the countries for the possession of which these two Powers are striving.

MOVEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN BRITAIN DURING THE 19TH CENTURY. St. Giles Lectures. By John Tulloch, D. D., L. L. D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This, as is indicated upon the title page, is a series of lectures, eight in number, designed to show the movement of religious thought in this country. The opening is of "Hugh Miller, Sculptor and Theologian." Then comes the "Early Oriel School and Its Congeners." Then comes the "Oxford or Anglo-Catholic Movement," the "Movement of Religious Thought in Scotland;" "Thomas Carlyle as a Religious Teacher;" John Stuart Mill and His School;" "Broad Church, Maurice and Kingsley;" "Broad Church (continued) Robertson and Bishop Ewing." It is an interesting volume.

DRESS; AS IT HAS BEEN, IS AND WILL BE. By Isaac Walker. Published by Isaac Walker, 275 Fifth avenue, New York.

The author has given a very interesting treatise upon the subject of man's dress which is well worth a reading. He has given a description of the varying costumes worn until the present time, viewing them from a purely artistic standpoint. He also gives a good many excellent hints in regard to style, expenditures, etc., that can not fail to be valuable. The writer speaks from the experience of a life time in the fashioning and making of gentlemen's clothing. He closes with a chapter upon the proposed revolution in dress which must come sooner or later.

THE FIRST THREE YEARS OF CHILDHOOD. By Bernard Perez. Edited and Translated by Alice M. Christie, with an Introduction by James Sully, M. A. A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago. Price $1.25.

This is one of the fullest, if not indeed the very fullest, monograph on its subject. It treats copiously on the various phases of child-life, abounds with practical hints on the proper training of the very young, and forms a practical guide to the parent and the teacher. "In places the author ventures a few steps into the darker recesses of metaphysical psychology, but he never long forgets that he is writing a popular work. And he has succeeded in producing a volume which, while it will be of special interest to the scientific student, will attract the general reader as well."

A LARGER HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TO THE CLOSE OF PRESIDENT JACKSON'S ADMINISTRATION. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Author of "Young Folks' History of the United States." Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The name of the author is sufficient to commend this volume to all who want a well-written and authentic history of the United States. It is admirably written in a close, concise and pleasant manner which makes it welcome to the reader. The illustrations are good, and the publishers have issued it in a neat style, with large typography, fine paper, and neat, pretty binding. The volume cannot fail to give pleasure in every way, for no one can doubt Mr. Higginson's fitness for the work he has done.

THE BOY TRAVELERS IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Thomas W. Knox. Author of "The Young Nimrods in North America," etc. Illustrated. Harper Brothers, New York.

This beautiful volume, intended for the holidays, is full of both entertainment and instruction, not alone for boys, but for all who read it, whether old or young. The author is already well known for his books for young people, and this work is fully equal to the others of his production. There is an illustration upon almost every page of the book, and the maps are excellent. The pleasant way in which the story of the boy wanderers is told will fix facts in the memory of the young reader. The book is a beautiful one, and the boy who gets it for a holiday gift may consider himself fortunate.

AULNAY TOWER. By Blanche Willis Howard. Tickner & Co., Boston.

Miss Howard suddenly leaped into fame a few years ago by the publication of that delightful little comic idyl "One Summer." Her "Guenn," that came out a year or two later, added much to her reputation, for it was a singularly bright, clean, fascinating story. "Aulnay Tower" is quite worthy of her previous works. The scene of the story is laid at the chateau of the Marquis de Montauban, near Paris, and the time just after the surrender of the French army at Sedan. The incidents of the tale are told in a vivid, life-like manner worthy of the author, and the book will meet with favor.

THE LAST MEETING. A Story. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, cloth, $1.

Mr. Matthews is not only an able dramatic critic and a brilliant essayist, but is a most entertaining story-teller as well. His latest work, "The Last Meeting," is a story of New York life, in which are given glimpses of the semi-literary society of that city. The plot involves the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Fred Olyphant, the hero, and there is a well managed love story runs through it all.

WHITE, STOKES & ALLEN'S GUIDE AND SELECT DIRECTORY. What to See and Where to Buy in New York City. White, Stokes & Allen, New York.

A great deal of information which would be of use to persons not acquainted in New York City and who wanted to cover the most ground in a limited space of time, is contained in this little book. It gives the rate of carriage and cab hire in the city, the location of the "Art Galleries," libraries, etc., and many other things visitors want to know. There is also a very good map of the city.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The table of contents for November is as follows: "Progress of Democracy in Europe"; "Recollections and Letters of Grant"; "Sing in America"; "Statecraft and Priestcraft"; "Style and the Monument"; "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois"; "United Bulgaria"; "Race Prejudice"; "A Letter to the Pope"; "Shall Silver be Demonetized?" "Notes and Comments." New York, No. 30 Lafayette Place, $5 per annum.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

Table of contents for November: "Flying-Machines"; "Modern Science and Modern Thought"; "Twenty Years of Negro Education"; "Relations of Science to the Public Weal"; "Two Wonderful Instruments"; "A Free Colony of Lunatics"; "The Art of Investing"; "Concerning Clover"; "The Problem of Higher Education"; "Origin of Color in Animals"; "The Motor Centers and the Will"; "Hom-Life of the Thibetans"; "Sketch of Sir Lyon Playfair"; "Editor's Table"; "Literary Notices"; "Popular Miscellany"; "Notes". D. Appleton & Co., $5 per year.

NEW YORK FASHION BAZAR.

The November number of this fashion magazine will enable any lady to arrange her winter wardrobe in the most tasteful manner. It is full of varied and beautiful costumes, which are in the latest style, and yet give scope to the fancy to arrange what will be most becoming to the wearer. There are several colored cloaks given, which are exceedingly pretty. The embroidery patterns are timely. There is a good deal of reading matter besides the hints about fashions. George Monro, New York. Yearly subscription, $2.50.

THE NEW MOON.

This is a bright little magazine printed at Lowell, Mass., now in the fifth year of its existence. Like everything about Lowell, it looks thrifty and sensible, and is chock-full of reading matter suited to all taste and to all localities. It is for sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada at ten cents a copy, and its subscription price is only $1 a year. It is published by The New Moon Publishing Company, Lowell, Mass.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.

The number for the week ending October 17 contains the following: "The Windward Islands," *Macmillan;* "The Chess-Player," *Temple Bar;* "An Episode of the Armada," *Nineteenth Century;* "Founding of the Congo Free State," *Scotish Review;* "The Krakatoa Eruption," part V., *Leisure Hour;* "Life in the Bastille," *Gentleman's Magazine;* "Milk Fair," *All the Year Round;* "A Prosperous Peasant," *Spectator;* "An Episode in the Life of the Duchess D'Angoulême," *St. Stephen's Review;* "The Rescue of Gresly," *Spectator;* "Japanese Ladies and Their Hair," *Japan Mail;* with instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself," by Mrs. Oliphant," and "Fortune's Wheel," and select poetry and miscellany. Littell & Co., Boston. Weekly; $8 a year.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

The contents for November are exceedingly attractive, and the illustrations are unusually fine, which is saying a great deal. The opening article is entitled "Burnham Beeches." The next is an article about the beautiful Lady Hamilton, accompanied by several engravings from Romney's portraits. Then comes the "Myth of Persens and Andromeda"; "The Romance of Art"; "The American Salon"; "The Medallists of the Renaissance," and several others of interest. There are several full page engravings, and the usual editorial notes, etc. Cassell & Co., New York, $3.50 yearly.

THE QUIVER.

In the November number are the following: "Hand in Hand" "Sin and Humanity"; "Baby's First Birthday"; "A Peep into the Bible House"; "The Beloved Disciple"; "Daisy's Life-Long Lesson"; "The Tree Story of Lotne;" "Going to Rest;" "Across the Atlantic Two Centuries Ago;" "Friend or Enemy;" "The Mount of the Lord;" "Autumn Leaves," and several others. Cassell & Co., New York. $1.50 yearly.

THE BAY STATE MONTHLY.

This magazine, devoted as it is especially to the Bay state, its past and present, is yet full of interest to readers who do not call Massachusetts home. The October number has a very full table of contents, which is full of interest. In it is "A Model Industrial City," which is a description of Holyoke, with its wealth of manufacturing interests. Another is "Fort Shirley," followed by "The Mormon Church," an instalment of the serial story of "Elizabeth"; "Room at the Top;" "The March of the 6th Regiment;" "The Response of Marblehead in 1861;" with several poems. Elliot's Table, Historical Record, etc. Bay State Monthly Company, Boston. $3 a year.

The *Musical Herald*, a monthly magazine devoted to the divine art, comes to us for October with a good deal to interest music dealers. It is published by "The Musical Herald Co.," Boston, Mass., at 10 cents a number, or $1 yearly.

With the October number the Buffalo Magazine, *Queries*, takes a more decided stand among the leading literary periodicals. It has been enlarged to 40 pages, and its price increased to one dollar a year. Among the announcements are a series of papers on the "Civil War," by Martha J. Lamb, editor of *The Magazine of American History;* "Finance," by H. K. Armstrong, cashier of the Penn Yan National Bank; "Pilgrims and Shrines," by Eliza Allen Starr; "Journalism," by Frank D. Smith, editor of the Portland *Sunday Organian*, and a number of others. C. L. Sherrill & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. $1 a year.

Uncle Sam's Contracts.

"The Treasury is very close in its enforcement of its contracts," said a leading official of that department. "In buying our carpets we stipulate as to exact weight of the wool and the number of threads contained in it. A square foot of carpet is cut out of each piece. This is taken apart, picked to pieces, as it were, the wool weighed and the threads counted. If a roll varies by the fraction of an ounce from the contract we reject it. The Treasury here, you know, buys furniture for the different post-offices over the country. To illustrate how closely it makes its purchase, I will take the case of the Cincinnati postoffice, which we are now furnishing. We contracted with a firm at Grand Rapids to fit out the building. The price was $30,000, and every part of the furniture was stipulated for in the contract. We sent an inspector, as is our custom, to Grand Rapids to look after the making of the furniture and see that it was done according to contract. He found fault with some things, and the manufacturers changed these. Another inspector was sent to Cincinnati to see that the furniture was according to contract before it was paid for. By boring holes through the furniture he found that some parts were of cheaper material than had been agreed upon. He found also that in the desks wrought brass hinges had been used instead of cast brass. The wrought brass was about 40 per cent. cheaper than the cast brass. He found also that the drawers were machine dove-tailed instead of hand-dovetailed, and for these reasons he refused to accept the goods. Some of the furniture was, however, all right. The department accepted this, and took the other at a discount of 20 per cent., on condition that the hinges should be changed. 'It's a cold day,' concluded the official, 'when Uncle Sam lets any one make any money out of his contracts.'"

A Roland for an Oliver.

The fair sex are occasionally placed in embarrassing situations, caused by their unthinking comments. An Englishman traveling by train in the principality of Wales, found himself in a compartment in which two Welsh young women and himself were the sole occupants. Never imagining for a moment that the English stranger understood Welsh almost as well as a native, they amused themselves by freely commenting on the personal appearance and probable calling of their fellow traveller. "Not bad looking, if it wasn't for his nose," said one. "I think his mouth is the worst," remarked the other with equal politeness. "Rather 'loud' suit of clothes," was the next rejoinder. "Well, he's only a cattle dealer, I expect," returned critic number two. The subject of these remarks good temperedly preserved his self-possession by the help of a friendly newspaper, and when he had undergone a further scathing fire of criticism, laid down his paper and calmly observed in excellent Welsh: "Since your liberal and witty criticism of myself and my affairs now seems somewhat exhausted, may I inquire where you young ladies come from, and what may be your names?" To use the narrator's own words—he never knew till then what blushing scarlet meant, as he watched with amusement the dreadful confusion of his fair detractors.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

FASHION BITS.

The Favorite Colors of Fall Costumes—Hints on Dressing.

Chemises are going out of fashion.

The new fashionable brown is golden seal.

Short-waisted frocks are coming in vogue for little girls.

Some mantelets and pelerines are finished off with hoods.

Sealskin plush wraps appear among fall novelties in this line.

Braid in various widths is exceedingly popular for hat trimmings.

High-shouldered effects are noticeable on all imported wraps and suits.

Irish blarney, boucle, and negro head cloth are all one and the same thing.

Green billiard table cloth is the latest fancy for young ladies' short jackets.

Long redingotes, Newmarkets and Raglans entirely of sealskin will be worn.

Furs never go out of fashion either for trimmings, linings, or entire wraps.

Many of the new felt hats and bonnets are embroidered in silk, wool, and gold thread.

Poppy red still holds favor with young ladies, and is seen in various parts of the costume.

Deep rich reds make favorite jackets either in velvet or ladies' cloth. These are in hussar fashion, well covered with black braid of heavy quality.

Seal astrakhan and Persian lamb waistcoats, cuffs and high collars are seen on many handsomely braided cloth jackets, the cloth in any shade of fashionable color preferred.

Red is the popular color for cloth jackets, redingotes and long wraps when tailor made, but it must be a dull shade of red and trimmed with cord, braid, big buttons and fur.

Chartreuse verte is a favorite green for evening wear, being a clear, delicate, refined shade. In tulle and light weight silks this shade is particularly well adapted to youthful blondes.

Dull red redingotes, very long and with no loops, only pleatings down in the back are made just like a man's long coat, slashed from the bottom to the waist line, or rather to the furn of the tournure.

The Amazone, a tall, conical crowned hat, with a picturesque brim looped up in the back, and trimmed with ostrich feathers fastened at the back and nodding over the top of the crown, is the coming novelty of the season.

Serges of various weaves are in high favor. There are the self-striped cotelle, Devon check, boucle, Indian coating, canvas, and Yanaton tweed serges, all in different weaves and every shade of color, are seen in Denning's woolen novelty section.

Woollen is so much more fashionable for dressy toilets than silk that milliners are making their most elegant confections of fine cloth, embroidered and beaded in the most artistic manner, gold thread forming a judicious and tasteful part of the decorative.

ENGLISH LOVERS AND WIVES.

The Long Courtships and Peculiar Conditions of Married Life.

English girls seldom marry before the age of 22 or 23. Some marry well at the age of 30. A marriage in England is not arranged in a few days, or even in a few months. A young man of about 20 engages himself to a young lady of say 18, and the lovers remain engaged for three or even five years. These are the woman's good time. During the engagement she enjoys almost all the sweets of married life without any of its troubles, and she is free. Sometimes she does her best to make the engagement last as long as possible. She prefers to murmur words of love to her betrothed to shutting herself up with him in some semi-detached cottage wherein to bemoan the high price of bread and butter and coal. On the day she is married she is settled, as they say in England; that means she is established. I would define this word "settled" more correctly by saying that her business is done for her. I do not wish at all to convey the idea that woman finds no happiness in the English household; nothing is further from my mind. I think on the contrary, she can enter it with more confidence than can her sister across the channel, because she assumes less responsibility and because her mother has invariably versed her most thoroughly in domestic economy. Women in England know nothing at all about their husband's business, no more than a clerk knows about the private affairs of his employer; and it is even a difficult thing for her to say whether he is making a fortune or on the verge of bankruptcy. When her husband dies, an English woman who has no fortune may become a governess, a housekeeper or a nurse. That is servitude. An Englishman gives his wife so much a month for household expenses and so much for her wardrobe, her wages, as it were. She evinces no surprise when she learns one fine morning that her husband is taking her to a sumptuous abode, nor when she learns that they must move some evening in the dark without making a noise. She goes with the furniture—in a double sense.

A New Universal Remedy.

A New York doctor, who uses three thousand lemons a year, comments on the assertion of an eminent German scientist that he who eats lemons in sufficient quantities need never die, as follows:

In 1875 I began drinking lemonade regularly, taking the entire juice of two or three lemons at a time in an ordinary goblet of water, with a small teaspoonful of sugar for each lemon, afterward rinsing my mouth with clear water to remove the acid and sugar from teeth and gums. With rare exceptions I have now taken lemonade in this way four times daily for ten years—on rising in the morning, about 1 o'clock p. m., half an hour before dinner, and on retiring at night, and whenever professional duties prevented it I have felt at once the absence of the lemon juice in my system. I take only two meals daily, but consume besides a considerable quantity of the fruits of the season, such as grapes, peaches, oranges melons, etc. I have no taste for, and do not use ale, porter, wine or spirits. Formerly my ordinary weight was about 150 pounds, my height being, as now, five feet seven and one-half inches. For six or eight years past I have weighed in the neighborhood of 190 pounds, without feeling any inconvenience. The coating of my stomach is unimpaired, my step is quick and firm, and I have the vigor of youth. During the 43 years of my residence in New York I have not been out of the city altogether more than six months, and I have been in uninterrupted active practice for over 30 years. For twelve years past I have indulged freely in surf bathing in the season, usually at Coney Island. My head is not bald, and there is but little gray in my hair. I am stronger, both physically and mentally, than I was 20 years ago, and I am taken by everybody to be ten or fifteen years younger than I am."

A Funny Case.

The Japanese are among the politest people in the world. Here is an illustration: A Japanese gentleman called on a Washington lady one day last week. He was asked to remain until lunch time and consented. They wanted him to go, but didn't know how to get rid of him. He lingered till midnight, when, with elaborate, almost abject apologies for leaving, he took his departure. Next day, while the hostess was telling her friends how horribly she had been bored, her visitor was deploring her cruelty in not earlier in the day intimating that he might depart, Japanese etiquette requiring such signal of permission before he could go.

Possibly an Oversight.

Tompkins—I see by the paper that a man has been robbed of $3,000 on one of the Long Branch trains.

Smith—That so? Wonder how it was done?

Tompkins—Don't know unless the porter brushed him off and forgot to give him back the change.

TEN DOLLARS A WEEK.

All a Young Couple Earned, but they Managed to Live Comfortably on it in a City.

Brooklyn Eagle.

To spend money judiciously and get all it will bring requires not a little knowledge and experience. A good housekeeper who is a skillful cook will provide, of course, a better home and a better table with less expenditure of money than a person who is neither the one nor the other. A year ago a young Englishman, with a wife who possesses both of these accomplishments, came from London to Brooklyn in search of employment. The couple settled with their one child in a comfortable third story in Pacific street, in the vicinity of Nostrand avenue. They had lived in better apartments in England, and at one time in the past they had occupied a whole house in one of the suburbs of Paris; but the most the husband has been able to earn since his arrival in the city is $10 a week. On this amount they have been obliged to subsist.

They pay $12 a month rent for four rooms; but these apartments have an air of comfort and even luxury that much more expensive lodgments frequently lack. Although there is not a costly article in any of the rooms, the general effect that is produced by the nice arrangement of curtains, drapery, prints, photographs and engravings here and there on the walls gives the rooms an inviting appearance. They form an unpretentious home that has an air of good taste and refinement such as one frequently comes across in Paris among people of small means, but which is not common in American cities. The wife takes the whole care of her small establishment and makes her own and her little girl's clothes. The washing is given out and returned unironed. This is the only expense for help and costs 50 cents a week.

Here are the items of the entire expense of living one week, copied from a small account book: Rent, $3; food, $5 01; fuel, 50c.; light (astral oil) 10c.; washing, 50c.; car fare, 60c.; newspapers, 15c.; total, $9.86. This is the expense of an average week. Some weeks in warm weather the cost for food has not been over $3.50, and fuel has not cost more than 25 cents. When anything has been saved in this way it has been put aside for unexpected demands—shoes, and such small investments in clothing as the saving will provide. But the supply of food has rarely been stinted. The family have three meals a day and the variety of dishes frequently served at dinner would very likely be a surprise to a great majority of people to whom living is much more expensive. The housekeeper in question has lived in France and has learned the art, as the French practice it, of making much of little, of buying with a view to a variety of combination, and of making the simplest dish palatable. She knows, for instance, twenty different ways to serve eggs. Vegetables are made to take the place often of meat or fish and soups—which the average housekeeper in this country knows little about—she makes supply more costly but less nourishing food.

Her account book showed the following purchases for the table during the week referred to: Saturday—25 pounds of flour, 85c.; 4½ pounds of sugar, 20c; 1 pound of butter, 23c.; ¼ pound tea, 12c.; ½ pound coffee, 14c.; 1 pound oatmeal, 5c.; ½ peck potatoes, 18c.; 1 pound of lard, 7c.; yeast, 2c.; 1 beef kidney, 5c.; 1 roll Neufchatel cheese, 15c.; 2 bones for soup, 6c.; 1 pound of steak, 14c.; sundries, including salt, pepper, vinegar, lettuce, etc., 14c.; cabbage, 5c.; nuts and raisins, 16c.; 1 can of salmon, 18c.; apples, 8c.; peaches, 10c.; dozen eggs, 25c.; small egg plant, 4c.; hominy, 8c.; total, $3 34. Sunday—milk, 5c. Monday—milk, 7c.; 1-2 pound of cheese, 9c; soup bone, 8c.; knuckles of veal, 10c.; tomatoes, 4c.; rice, 4c.; pears, 6c.; total, 45c. Tuesday—liver, 5c.; soup bone, 8c.; macaroni (package), 20c.; tomatoes, 5c.; total, 88c. Wednesday—milk, 4c; clams, 10c.; soup bone, 6c; round of beef, 28c.; total, 48c. Thursday—oysters, 10c.; 1 lemon, 3c.; soup bone, 5c.; yeast, 2c.; celery, 5c.; mutton, 25c.; total, 50c. Friday—lobster, 10c.; soup bone, 7c.; milk, 4c.; total, 21c. Saturday morning—milk, 4c. Grand total, $5.43.

From these purchases there were left on hand Saturday morning when the next week was begun, about thirteen pounds of flour and one egg, worth 47c., which savings deducted form the whole outlay, left the cost of the table for the seven days, $5.01. It is the custom of this housekeeper to make out Friday or Saturday mornings a bill of fare complete for the week. So, when she goes out to lay in her supply Saturday, she knows what she will need the entire week. This costs some time and consideration, but it is the secret of saving money in the purchases, and it also saves her any thought from day to day about what she will provide to eat, one of the great worries of daily existence. She keeps these bills of fare in a scrap book; and every two or three weeks she substitutes an old for a new production—"Just as the minister," she remarked, "does with his sermons and so saves himself the trouble of writing a brand new article." It will be of interest, perhaps, to learn what she provided with the provisions that have been enumerated in detail.

The scrap book furnishes a record of living from day to day. Saturday—Lunch: Stewed kidney, apple tarts and Neufchatel cheese with bread. Dinner: Potato-soup, steak, rolled with baked parboiled onions, salad of lettuce, fried bread pudding. Sunday—breakfast: Oatmeal and milk, milk toast. Dinner: Scotch broth, salmon salad with egg dressing, nuts and raisins. Supper: Peaches, tea and cake. Monday— Breakfast: Cracked hominy with milk, egg toast with egg plant in crumbs. Lunch: Welsh rarebit. Dinner: Beef soup, veal, blanquettes, and boiled potatoes, salad of sliced tomatoes, boiled rice, with a border of stewed pears. Tuesday—Breakfast: Plain omelet. Lunch: Stewed liver with potatoes and onions, served on toast. Dinner: Macaroni soup, macaroni and stuffed tomatoes, apple fritters. Wednesday—Breakfast: Oatmeal and milk, griddle cakes. Lunch: Clam chowder, cabinet pudding with cream and sauce. Dinner: Tomato soup, beef a la mode, with spinach, salad of potatoes and parsley, cheese omelet. Thursday—Breakfast: Hash made from a la mode beef, Neufchatel cheese. Lunch: Oyster fritters, lemon pudding. Dinner: Celery soup, roast leg of mutton, macaroni with tomato sauce, baked apple dumplings. Friday—breakfast: Scrambled eggs. Lunch: Lobster salad, nuts and raisins. Dinner: Bean soup, croquettes (made of the remains of the roast mutton), with tomato sauce, salad of cold boiled potatoes, blanc mange. Saturday—breakfast: Hominy and milk. It should be observed that although this plan is plain and inexpensive fare, every meal has some substantial dish, food that has much nutrition in it, and that no two days are alike.

Burdette's Latest.

This prophetic paean of victory was written by the inspired singer two or three days before the election in Ohio, and was then, in a spirit of broad humanity and good-fellowship, most earnestly dedicated to the men supported the ticket as hereinunder indicated:

Sheo{ol / Infam{ous / Commonwealth / Ye{gi{adly
Hal{lot / Glori{ous / / {gi{adly
crown

Thy {cra{cious brow with {worth{less things,
O, {sh{ame{less {al{d {aughter w{o{w{ould cast
{hee down

From thy {cur{ble{st throne, thou queen of {r{k{ings!
Ma{ / / mourn{ful cries!
Hur{rah! Ohio! Hear our {joy{
Thy name is {blot{ted out in {p{ight;
We {fl{ash{out thy {sh{ame {indign{ant to the skies,
And {doo{m thee foremost {fr{lend of {bl{ight.

He Got Off in Time.

Wife (on board a train bound for Niagara Falls)—There are so many bridal couples about, dear, perhaps we may be taken for one?

Husband—No danger. A gentleman asked me a little while ago if I was your first or second husband.

Wife—What! Where is he?

Husband—He got off at the last station.

A New King on the Throne!

"Malaria," as a "popular ailment," has given place to a new potentate.

If you have rheumatism now, the medical wiseacres exclaim—"Uric Acid!"

If you have frequent headaches, they sagely remark—"Uric Acid!"

If you have softening of the brain, they insist that it is—"Uric Acid!"

If Sciatica or Neuralgia make life miserable, it is—"Uric Acid!"

If your skin breaks out in Boils and Pimples, it is—"Uric Acid!"

If you have Abscesses and Piles, "Uric Acid" has set your blood on fire.

If you have dull, languid feelings, backache, kidney or bladder troubles, gout, gravel, poor blood; are ill at ease, threatened with paralysis or apoplexy, vertigo; are bilious, dropsical, constipated or dyspeptic—"Uric Acid" is the key to the situation, the cause of all your troubles!

We do not know as Madam Malaria will take kindly to this Masculine Usurper, but he has evidently come to stay.

"Uric Acid,"—this Monster, is the product of the decomposition—death—constantly taking place within us, and unless he is every day routed from the system, through the kidneys, by means of some great blood specific like Warner's safe cure, which Sen. B. K. Bruce says snatched him from its grasp, there is not the least doubt but that it will utterly ruin the strougest human constitution!

It is not a young fellow by any means. It has a long and well known line of ancestors. Is is undoubtedly the father of a very great family of diseases, and though it may be the fashion to ascribe progeny to it that are not directly its own, there can be little doubt that if it once gets thoroughly seated in the human system, it really does introduce into it most of the ailments now, per force of fashion, attributed to its baleful influences.

FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS.

The Latest Fashion Quips in Dressing Our Daughters.

The peculiarity of the sash is that it is open in front and finished upon each side, in a point, close to the button.

White serge of fine quality is used on babies' pelisses. A trimming of Angora lace is proper for these little garments.

Russet and seal brown, navy blue, moss, and other dark-green shades, gray, and some of the garnet shades will be popular.

Sashes are worn with nearly all the dresses, and placed upon the figure so as to give a short waisted effect, and tied in a large bow at the back.

After the dress is buttoned an oxidized clasp closes the sash in front, and the bow at the back is made and secured in place with the needle. This pattern comes in sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age.

The coat-sleeves of the dress are also trimmed with velvet ribbon. The body has only one side and shoulder shaping seams, and has three plaits turning forward, each side of the closing front. The three plaits at each side of the back of the waist turn backward. The plaits are stayed to tapes underneath.

Walking-dresses for girls are very tasteful this fall, and are made of all the new home spun and boucle cloths, trimmed with braid, fringe, brocade and velvet. Girls under twelve are wearing what are called "one-piece" dress—that is, made in one piece—while for older girls the bodice is separate from the skirt. The make is somewhat less fanciful than those worn in the house, but equally as tasteful.

A pretty model for a girl of 13 is made of any dark cloth or flannel. A tasteful combination shows the skirt and blouse of dark brown boucle cloth, with collar and cuffs of bronze velvet, and brown satin ribbon bows of a lighter tint. In blue, the skirt and apron drapery are of serge, with the Fedora puff of crimson serge, and the remainder of the blouse in blue.

For church and Sunday-school wear tasteful dresses of silk and wool are shown for girls of twelve and fourteen. A silk skirt, dark crimson in color, is trimmed with three narrow kilt plaitings. Over this is a drapery of rough crimson cloth, the little French waist having a simulated zouave jacket edged with garnet beads, a large bow of garnet ribbon ornaments on one side. This is worn with a plush coat and broad-brimmed felt hat of the same shade.

Bright plaids are being extensively used for school dresses, and are both serviceable and pretty. A very simple fashion is to make the skirt full with a deep hem and tucks, and plait it about the waist on to a little peasant bodice. Black velvet bows tying up over the shoulders add to the effect.

White embroidered dresses in silk, satin and mull are used for weddings or parties for girls of all ages. At a recent wedding a little tot of four appeared in a cream ottoman silk made with a plaited skirt, the waist having a beading of pearls. The sashes worn with these costumes are invariably white.

Married People Would be Happier

If home troubles were never told to a neighbor.

If expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.

If each would remember the other was a human being, not an angel.

If each was as kind to the other as when they were lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private.

If masculine bills for Havanas and feminine ditto for rare lace were turned into the general fund until such times as they could be incurred without risk.

If men would remember that a woman cannot be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, would not let her carry as much as a sunshade.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Baseball Reform.

"Well, I'm glad to see that at least one baseball club has gone into a useful business, for of all foolishness I think this thing of going around over the country playing ball is the most foolish of all," was the remark which greeted Mr. Squildig as he appeared at the breakfast table this morning.

"Gone into a useful business?" queried Squildig.

"Yes, and I hope the other clubs will follow the example. It may take a little business away from the colored men, but it will be a benefit after all."

"What do you mean?" asked Squildig, mystified.

"Why the paper this morning says the Metropolitans whitewashed Brooklyn, and I think all the clubs had better go into the whitewashing business."

Medical Men of Distinction

Have been among the foremost to give honor where honor was due in the case of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Abjuring old fashioned professional prejudice, they have frankly borne evidence to its worth as a means of remedying dyspepsia, fever and ague, billious remittent, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, debility and renal disorders. With all intelligent people this favorable professional verdict has had its due weight, especially as it was in direct confirmation of that of the people and the press. Far more effectual has it proved than bombastic assertion, too often resorted to by the proprietors of remedies of doubtful value. "The plain, unvarnished truth" about the Bitters is more than sufficient to convince a skeptic. As a family medicine of comprehensive utility, prompt and thorough in action and pure in composition, it stands deservedly first.

The Camp Fire.

THE REBEL PRISONER'S LAMENT.

My love reposes on a rosewood frame—
A "bunk" have I;
A couch of feathery down fills up the same—
Mine's straw, but dry;
She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
And so do I (!)
The richest viands flank her silver plate—
Coarse grub have I;
Pure wines she sips at ease, her thirst to slake—
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.

My love has all the world at will to roam—
Three acres I;
She goes abroad or quiet sits at home—
So cannot I;
Bright angels watch around her couch at night—
A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles stretch between
My love and I;
To her, this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,
I waft a sigh,
And hope with all my earnestness of soul,
To-morrow's mail will bring me my parole!

There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again,
My love and I;
We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then;
Her lovelit eye
Will all my many troubles then beguile,
And keep this wayward Reb from Johnson's Isle!

The above was written by a rebel prisoner at Johnson's Island, Sandusky Bay, during the war.

Chat Around the Fire.

D. H. Chambers, Fulton, Neb., wants the number and other information concerning the hospital at Pittsburg in '64 and '65. He also wants to know if there was any small-pox hospital in the same city about that time. Who will answer him?

Dauphin Barr, Colorado Springs, Col., also writes the CAMP FIRE in order to keep it burning. He wants some of his old comrades, members of the 35th Mo., to write to him.

William Arch, Co. K, 38th Ohio, Montgomery, Mich., says in reply to a comrade writing from Gadsden, Tenn., who is a member of the same regiment: "I served three years in the war and I don't like the sound of his trumpet. He says that he don't want the Republican party to claim all of the honor. Comrade, who would claim it? Would the rebels and Democrats care to claim the honor of putting down the war? I think not. Honor to whom honor is due. It was the true Republican that carried a knapsack on Southern fields and Southern hills. Why don't you vote as you shot, comrade? Be a man and don't try to curry favor from the rebels because you are in the South.

W. Jones, 5th Iowa Cav., Gneda Springs, Kan.:

In your issue of Sept. 10, J. C. Martin of the 1st Wisconsin cavalry replies to Lieut. Isgrigg of the 4th Indiana cavalry. I think the comrade is somewhat mistaken in regard to the capture of that arch traitor, Jeff. Davis. I should like to know how it came that the 4th Michigan cavalry and Co. M, of the 5th Iowa cavalry, received the $100,000 bounty for his capture.
H. C Fuller, Co. I. 11th Ills. Cav., Ida. Kan.

I have never taken a part in the CAMP FIRE, but am a reader of the BLADE and seldom see anything from the Illinois Cav., but looking over the CAMP FIRE of Sept. 24, I see a letter from a reader of the BLADE of Tiplersville, Miss., that belonged to Co. L, 11th Illinois cav. I would be

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, grammatical construction or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Each question for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain but one question. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest an answer in the paper will be given. The question thereof is always full and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or doubtful bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of value to the general reader, and not to pursue a reply. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of one man, it is impossible to answer questions by mail, and will not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

I. T., St. Joe, Ind.:

Please state where to apply to in Indiana or Illinois for a standing army.

There is a recruiting office in Columbus, O., and there may be one in Indianapolis.

H. A. B., Fitchur, Vt.:

Is a United States mail contractor obliged to take stamped letters from persons living on his route and deliver them at the first postoffice he comes to?

No.

E. A. H., Broken Bow, Neb.:

Why is it that the Czar of Russia and Emperor of Germany never meet in a public manner, thus necessitating extra precautions for their personal safety, when they could have secretly arranged to meet without? Was the meeting at Alexandria anything of importance?

No. 2. What was the nature of the disease which prevented the late Alexander H. Stephens from walking or using his legs?

1. The Board is not informed of these matters, and cannot presume to give their reasons for advertising their meeting. 2. General debility, we think.

E. R. P., Lone Springs, Iowa:

I am told by a prominent Greenbacker that more than two-thirds of our Northern soldiers were Democrats—that it has been so ascertained by careful statistics. Is it true?

No. Of the fourteen Northern states that took part in the late war, and allowed to vote for President, the ballots were as follows: For Lincoln, 1,10,254; for McClellan, 34,291. Lincoln's popular majority in the loyal states was 411,458.

E. A. H., Broken Bow, Neb.:

Would it be well for the people at large if each state would incorporate in its constitution a provision compelling the legislature thereof to pass laws giving a pension, amounting to a competence, to all public officials, in which capacity they have been engaged in that profession continuously for a certain number of years?

That is a matter for the people at large to determine. If they choose to tax themselves for that purpose, no one has the right to object.

Sub., Elling, Neb.:

Give amount of Confederate currency issued, and its depreciation by years, and the amount redeemed by years, if any was redeemed. The following statement shows the depreciation of the currency at different periods:

Period.	Value per $100.
January 1, 1862	$ 100
July 1, 1862	90
January 1, 1863	35
July 1, 1863	35
January 1, 1864	1.80
July 1, 1864	1.80
January 1, 1865	3.00
July 1, 1865	5.00

H. S., Hamilton, Ky.:

Who was Noah's wife, and why were her children slaughtered?

In Grecian mythology, she was the daughter of Tantalus, and wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, and the mother of ten children, of whom she deemed herself superior to Leto (Latona), who had given birth to only two children. Apollo and Artemis (Diana), whereupon Apollo slew all her children with their arrows. Niobe herself was metamorphosed by Zeus (Jupiter) into a stone on Mount Sipylus in Lydia, which during the summer always sheds tears. Niobe is variously stated to have had variously, but the usual number in later times was seven sons and seven daughters. The story of Niobe and her children was a favorite subject in ancient art, and the group at Florence a beautiful group, consisting of Niobe, who holds her youngest daughter on her knees, and 13 statues of her sons and daughters.

J. T. S., Barranca, N. M.:

Give the origin of "log-rolling," "old fogies," "blind pig" and "Gerrymander."

The term log-rolling came from the practice of the men of three or four different camps of lumbermen in the forests of Maine, in the North who met logs to the river, this being the most difficult part of their work. Of late years it has been applied to politicians who unite together for the purpose if carrying some scheme through the legislature, or to secure legislatures or the national congress. Old fogies is said to be derived from a peculiar body of men, who, at the end of the last century, existed in the Scotch Lowlands, called the Society of Fogies. They were old men, dressed in red coats with apple green facings, and cocked hats, and were a sort of invalid company, who performed various duties of a trifling character. The word comes from the Swedish, meaning baffled. Others still derive it from folk, as lassie is derived from lass. The Grecian root is named from this ancient people. Gerrymander is said to have originated in classic history, from the plow to the throne, from the harness or furniture of his wain and chariot being hung on the trees in the Temple of Apollo, dedicated in such manner by Augustus, after the battle of Actium, had to him that could untie it, and when Alexander, that "turnor of a man," had long tried and could not do, he cut it with his sword.

J. G. T., Bellaire, O.:

I noticed an article in the BLADE recently concerning a blind boy named Tom, who is now in the custody of Blind Tom, the negro pianist. Please give the history of the case.

The following, taken from the Macon, Ga., *Telegraph*, gives all the information we have: "The people of this country are familiar with Blind Tom, the musical prodigy, but all of them have not read the wonderful incidents in his career. Born a slave, and deprived of almost every attribute of humanity that is dear to man, and delighted the people of this country by his wonderful power as a pianist. He is a Georgian, and must now be over 40 years of age. His musical gifts began to be developed before he was 4 years old. At the close it is not wonderful that it was supposed that he could be played as a card. The custody of Blind Tom was given to Gen. Bethune, his former owner. He traveled with him for some time, and then turned him over to the care of his son, who contracted an unfortunate marriage, and was killed by a railroad train something more than a year since. The widow has been trying to get possession of Tom, and is using his mother to effect this purpose, who must now be quite aged. Tom's parents entered into an agreement with Gen. Bethune, and this will probably play an important part in the litigation that must ensue. Without the care and attention of his old master and mistress and their children, Tom would not have had an opportunity of developing his wonderful power of musical imitation. He has just sufficient intellect to know them, and to entertain for them the affection exhibited by a domestic animal. He is utterly incapable of care for himself, and it is more than questionable if his mother is any better prepared to look after him. The writer can recall him crawling about the house like a puppy, attracted by the sound of a piano, and although long since past the age of surprises, we never expected to see Blind Tom a party litigant before the Supreme court of the United States."

C. P., Bessmer, N. Y.:

1. Is M. de Lesseps's Panama canal finished? 2. Please give sketch of DeLesseps's life, if it has not already been given.

1. No. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles in 1805, the son of Jean Baptiste Barthelemi, Baron de Lesseps. When 20 years old he was appointed attache to the French consulate at Lisbon. After various stations he was made commercial department of the minister of foreign affairs. In 1828 he was attache to the consul general at Tunis, and in 1831 was made consul to Malaga, and the next year he was made consul at Rotterdam, and in 1837 negotiated in behalf of French commerce with the Spanish government. The same year he was transferred to the consulate at Barcelona. In 1840 he was sent again to Alexandria, but was speedily recalled to Barcelona. French minister at the court of Madrid in the last days of the reign of Louis Phillippe, he returned to Paris after the revolution of 1848, and was sent by the Republican government to represent France at Berezini. His commission to negotiate for the construction of the Suez Canal was given him in 1854, and in 1858 was the Campagnie International formed for this purpose. The years between then and 1869 were spent in collecting money for his great project and in overcoming innumerable difficulties than a financial one; but in July, 1864, the final and favorable decision of Napoleon III. was gained and the work on the canal fairly began. It was opened in 1869, the year witnessing the completion of perhaps the greatest piece of engineering of modern times and the highest triumph of the indefatigable man who had constructed it. M. de Lesseps is at present engaged in work, good-looking, and fascinating in discourse. He has visited the United States, and is personally acquainted with many of our public men.

J. T., no postoffice:

Please tell all about ammonia in its different forms, and especially of its freezing properties.

Ammonia is a gaseous compound, possessing the properties of a powerful alkali, like potash and soda. It was first isolated by Priestly, in the year 1774, who named it alkaline air. He procured it from sal-ammoniac, whence the name. By submitting it to heat, he found it to consist of three parts of hydrogen to one of nitrogen. It is difficult to form it by the direct union of those gases; but wherever nascent hydrogen and nitrogen are eliminated by any chemical action, ammonia is always found in the resulting compound. During the decomposition of water containing air by the electric current, a small quantity of ammonia is formed; also when a mass of iron filings is exposed to the air; but it is formed in the greatest quantities when nitrogenous organic matter putrifies, or is submitted to destructive distillation. Ammonia is also formed during the dist illation of coal in gas works, the ammonia liquor produced in this way being the great source of ammonia for commercial purposes. Formerly it was obtained from the ammoniacal liquor produced in the manufacture of bone black. It is generally produced in the laboratory by the action of caustic lime on the chloride of ammonium. The gas evolved is collected over mercury, or by the displacement, as it is gradually absorbed by water. Ammonia is easily liquified by the combined pressure of five atmospheres and a temperature of 32°. By submitting this liquid to the action of solid carbonic acid, solid ammonia is produced. Ammonia does not support ordinary combustion, but burns readily with difficulty. It is decomposed into its elements by passing through it a series of electric sparks, or by transmitting a current of it through a red hot tube. Ammonia is readily absorbed by water, which takes up 670 times its own volume of the gas, forming the liquor ammonie of the chemist, or liquid ammonia as it is generally improperly called. Ammonia is found in small quantities in the air, being evolved during the decomposition of most animal substances, more especially excrement and urine. Ammonia forms an infinite number of salts with the different acids, most of them similar in their properties to the corresponding salts of potash and soda.

Anon, Hillsdale, Mich.:

What dictionary is taken as best authority in the United States?

Webster's.

The ancients knew nothing of t
It was first discovered, by the Nor
some centuries ago, who learned to
it from the cereals. They were bart
From them the art of making it w
tained by more civilized people, u
length it spread throughout Christ
is to-day a prime factor in strong
is understood to belong to Christian
ized nations, and by them made an
of commerce, by which it has been
since; to some extent among barbaria
half-civilized nations. But China,
nah, Hindustan, nor the South Sea I
or any other pagan countries have no
nor never have had alcoholic bev
only as they have been brought to th
Christian civilization. Christian Spa
brought spirits to the Aborigines
America continent, who were wh
norant of their existence and us
wherever Christian civilization ha
has gone also the distillery and dran

Alcohol (spirit of wine) is the intox
principle of all strong drinks, fro
malt beer (lager). Take it out, a
residue would be a repulsive slop. A
is obtained from the cereal grair
some other vegetables, by distillatio
the vinous fermentation. It is volat
inflamable; and if full proof, will be e
consumed by fire, going off with a
flame. Its effect on the animal sy
that of both a local and diffusible
tant. As a diffusible stimulant, its
brief and transient. It has no tonic
erties whatever. Its use is follo
lassitude. DR. H. S

Lancaster, O.

Local Prohibition.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I thought I would write to you to le
readers have an idea of how prohibi
working here in this part of Tennesse
people of Tracy City last spring go
petition to prohibit intoxicating dri
the town, but there is as much brand
in this place now as ever before.
"Whiskerites" furnishes plenty of "e
the men call it, and they say that son
has rented a house and "put up a
dance house in Tracy." If the United State
ernment does not soon make a mov
this country will be so bad that a m
kill another and not be called to acco
it. There are several cases of mu
court at the present, and the proba
are that all will go free. Take whi
of Grundy and see if it is not a flue
inside of five years. A FR

Tracy City, Tenn.

Prohibition is Effective.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Your ideas of temperance suit me
by. I was recently in an article from
ville, Ken., stating that prohibiti
prohibit there. It does prohibit her
will anywhere if the law is only r
know that there are persons here wh
find whisky if it could be found. I
only way to get it is to send to Kan
by stock shippers and have it put in
and labeled "salt," and this is rare
escaped by old topers. I. R. Ho

Clements, Kan.

Two Old People.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Noticing that you sometimes menti
BLADE, people who have lived to th
100 years or more, I write to you to
you that Mrs. Betsy Hempstead,
esee, Livingston county, N. Y.,
September 29, and would have
years of age on November 29 next.
GEORGE KI

Geneseo, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I wish to inform the readers of y
ital paper that Henry Thomas is t
year, hale and hearty, and that h
board the ship Hornet when she
British ship Peacock to the bottom,
the Spanish main in 1815. Mr. Th
ceived a musket ball at that time
ball is in his shoulder yet. He r
pension and is blind. H. F. CAMPB

Louisville, N. Y.

BURDETTE'S SERMON

The Story of the Prodigal Son Told to Two Hundred Homeless Men.

Two hundred as able-bodied tra
ever lodged in a police station on
night, tendered Bob Burdette, the
man of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, a re
at the lecture room of the Sunday
fast association, on Twelfth street,
Race, last evening. The extraor
occasion had called for so unusu
of soap and water that the habitues
place felt strange, found it hard t
nize one another and as a conse
did not depart themselves wit
wonted geniality. The two h
gentlemen of leisure occupied the
seats in the body of the church
uninitiated into the Freemasonry
craft hunted places in the galleries
the side pews.

Despite the fact that Mr. Bur
excessively bashful he was pla
central flower in a bouquet of
girls who vocalize for the delecta
the patrons of the soup kitchen.
the humorist looked over the hig
and called his hosts "my brothe
most appreciable difference betwee
and them was that they had ple
hair and it stood on end, while he
much left to blow away and it wa
tered over a spot on top of the hea
secretive intent. Taking it grant
each of the gentlemen before hi
spent a handsome patrimony in
ous living at some more o
remote period in his existen
preached a little sermon on the p
son. "My brothers," he said,
fully running his fingers over the
spot on his head, "a man is a man,
or sober. The world doesn't wa
to be an eternal apologist. I'm th
est man in the world to preach,
I don't want to scold. I would
excuse a man in a column and
than accuse him ten lines worth.
don't know that a drunkard is the
est criminal in the world. Someh
got an idea that a liar's worse
drunkard, because he sins delib
You can't lie by accident. Thet
half-way place. You can't
scratch. Everyone is a good shot

"Then there's stealing. When
steals lie doesn't intend to convey
appropriate. He steals because h
tell the owner he intends to t
property. If I stop a man and t
to "whack up" or I'll whack him
head, I'm a thief. If a man lies
a horse trade and beats me and p
ture I don't beat him—and I nev
get the best of a horse trade—th
steals from me. Any one of thes
is meaner than getting drunk. I
a great leveler. It is as good as c
that business. It will level the r
as quickly as the poor and sen
both rolling in the gutter.

"Heard about the prodigal s
course you have. You were all
prodigals, only you haya't gone
the old man yet. The prodigal
gallus young chap. His fath
mayor of the town, I believe.
went out of town he had a Sarat
of store clothes, a high hat, le
ored kid gloves and a diamond.
other boys envied him. And he
stocking full of money.

The prodigal had a good time—
down uproarious good time—drun
night and a bead on him in th
Didn't know what to do with his
His friends did, though. They
find out. There had to come tha
ful fifteen minutes when a ma
through his clothing and

Senate of the Confederate States was to have the sole power to try all such impeachments.

No appropriation of money was allowed unless asked for and estimated by some one of the heads of departments, except by a two-thirds vote in both branches of Congress. The object of this was to make each administration responsible as far as possible for the public expenditures. All extra pay or extra allowance to any public contractor, agent or servant was prohibited, as well as all bounties. Internal improvements by Congres were prohibited. The power of the President to remove from office was restricted to removals for special cause, which must be reported to the Senate with the reasons therefor, except in the case of the principal officer in each of the executive departments and all persons connected with the diplomatic service of the country. The right of any citizen of the United States to pass through or sojourn in another with his slaves was expressly guaranteed. In adjusting the basis of representation and direct taxation, "three-fifths of all slaves" are enumerated, instead of three-fifths of "other persons," as in the constitution of the United States. The clause relating to fugitives from service or labor in that old constitution was enlarged so as expressly to include slaves, in order to preclude that interpretation which limited its meaning to apprentices and other persons legally bound for a term of years. The African slave trade was prohibited. Slavery in the territories was to be recognized and protected by Congress and by the territorial government." And finally it was provided that "Congress may by law grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department."

O. S., Iowa City, Iowa: We have no such list as you ask for.

A. L. J., Alyansee, Mich.:

Are there are any Quaker denominations in Michigan?

Do not know.

F. G., Perrysburg, O.:

What is the number of Buddhists in Asia? The number is computed at 295,000,000. The number of Bramins in Asia is estimated at 80,000,000.

A. B., Ossian, Ia.:

1. Please give the address of some paper in Petersburg, Va. 2. Give the number of postoffices in the United States.

1. Index and Appeal, daily and weekly: Rural Messenger, weekly 2. A little over 50,000.

Sub., Davenport, Iowa:

Please tell us the number of women who are regular graduates of medical colleges, now practicing medicine in the United States; also the name and date of graduation of the first female physician in the United States.

We have no reliable statistics at hand.

E. P., Madison Lake, Minn.:

1. Is the Ohio & Erie Canal open to navigation from Cleveland to Portsmouth? 2. Is the Miami & Erie canal open to navigation from Toledo to Cincinnati? 3. Are there as many boats engaged in the business as there were fifteen years ago?

1-2. Yes. 3. No.

S. C. M., Addison, Pa.:

Give an account of the Sinto, or ancient idol worship of the Japanese.

This denomination have some obscure and imperfect notions of the immortality of the soul, and a future state of bliss and misery; and yet worship only those gods who they believe are peculiarly concerned in the government of the world; for though they acknowledge a Supreme Being, whom they believe dwells in the highest heaven, and admit of some inferior gods, whom they place among the stars; yet they do not worship and adore them, nor have they any festivals sacred to them, thinking that beings so much elevated above mankind will condescend themselves but little about human affairs. They, however, swear by their superior gods, but they worship and invoke those gods alone whom they believe to have the sovereign control over this world, its elements, productions, and animals; these, they suppose, will not only render them happy here, but by interceding for them at the hour of death, may procure them a happy condition in the next state of existence, in regard to their good conduct in the present state. Hence their dairis, or ecclesiastical emperors, being esteemed lineal descended from the eldest and most favored sons of these deities, are supposed the true and living images of their gods, and possessed of such an eminent degree of holiness, that none of the people dare presume to appear in their presence. The Sintos believe that the soul, after quitting the body, is removed to the high subcelestial fields, seated just beneath the 33 heavens, the dwelli g-places of their gods; that those who have led a good life find an immediate admission, while the souls of the wicked are denied entrance, and condemned to wander till they have expiated their crimes; after which they do not believe in a hell, or a place of torment. One of the essential points of their religion is, that they ought to preserve an inward purity of heart, and to practice or abstain from whatever the dictates of reason, or the express command of the civil magistrate, direct or forbid. The Sintos' religion enjoins abstaining from blood, from eating flesh, or being near a dead body; for which a person is rendered unfit to go to the temples, to visit holy places, and to appear in the presence of the gods. The other great points of their religion are, 1. A diligent observance of the solemn festivals in honor of their gods, which are very numerous. 2. Pilgrimages to the holy places at Isje; that is to the temple of Tensio-Daisin, the greatest of all the gods of the Japanese. The last essential doctrine of their religion is, that they ought to chastise and mortify their bodies; but few of them pay much regard to this precept.

P. K., Burbank, O.:

Please give the nicknames of all the states in the Union—such as Ohio is called the Buckeye state. I should like very much to know the nicknames of other states.

The nicknames of the states were given in this department within a year. We now give the origin of the names of states, and also the popular name. Maine was so called, as early as 1623, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. Popular name—The Lumber or Pine Tree State. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Popular name—The Green Mountain State. Vermont was so called, by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 16, 1777, from the French verd mont, the Green Mountains. Popular name—The Green Mountain State. Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians, in the neighborhood of Boston. The name is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I had learnt," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills." Popular name—The Bay State. Rhode Island was so called, in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean. Popular name—Little Rhody. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of the principal river. Connecticut is a Mocheakannew word, signifying long river. Popular names—The Nutmeg or Free Stone State. New York was so called, in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England. Popular names—The Empire or Excelsior State. New Jersey was so called, in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted. Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn. Popular name—The Keystone State. Delaware was so called, in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la War, who died in this bay. Popular names—The Blue Hen, or Diamond State. Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was so called, in 1584, after Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England. Popular names—The Old Dominion, or Mother of States. Carolina was so called by the French, in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX., of France. Popular name of South Carolina—The Palmetto State; of North Carolina—The Old North, or Turpentine State. Georgia was so called, in 1732, in honor of King George II. Alabama was so called, in 1814, from its principal river, meaning, here we rest. Mississippi was so called, in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river, that is, the river formed by the union of many. Popular name—The Bayou State. Louisiana was so called, in honor of Louis XIV., of France. Popular name—The Creole State. Tennessee was so called, in 1796, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon. Popular names—The Big Bend State, or Volunteer State. Kentucky was so called, in 1792, from its principal river. Popular name—The State of the Dark and Bloody Ground. Illinois was so called in 1809, from its principal river. This word is said to signify, The river of men. Popular names—The Sucker, or Prairie State. Indiana was so called, in 1809, from the American Indians. Popular name—The Hoosier State. Ohio was so called, in 1802, from its southern boundary. Popular name—The Buckeye State. Meaning of Indian word Ohio—Beautiful. Missouri was so called, in 1821, from its principal river. Indian name, meaning muddy water. Michigan was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border. Indian name, meaning a weir for fish. Popular name—The Wolverine State. Arkansas was so called, in 1812, from its principal river. Indian name. Popular name—The Bear State. Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, Pascua Florida. Wisconsin was so called from its principal river. Indian name, meaning wild rushing river. Popular name—The Badger State. Iowa was so called from its principal river. Indian name, meaning the sleepy ones. Popular name—Hawkeye state. Oregon was so called from its principal river. Indian name, meaning River of the west. Minnesota is also an Indian word, meaning the whitish water. California, a Spanish word, and named from an arm of the Pacific ocean. Popular name—The Golden State. Texas, a Spanish word applied to the Republic. Popular name—The Lone Star State. Kansas is an Indian name, meaning the smoky water. West Virginia.—So called after Virginia. Nevada is a Spanish word, meaning white with snow. Nebraska—An Indian word.

For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and, wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
For sale by all Druggists.

Same Thing.

"Do you see that tall, handsome man over there in the dock?" inquired Jones as he and Robinson were watching the proceedings in the court room.

"Yes, what of him?"

"Well, he's a bank burglar. Doesn't look much like it, does he?"

"Sure of it?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, I'm surprised; I should have taken him for a bank president."

"That's exactly what I said he was."

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. **HALL'S BALSAM** For the **LUNGS.**

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membranes of the Lungs, Inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and the tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

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HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE

The Most Powerful Healing Ointment ever Discovered.

Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Sores.
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Ask for Henry's and Take No Other.

☞ BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. ☜

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AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.
"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill.
EDWIN HARPER."

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MUSIC.

The Model Singer,
FOR SINGING CLASSES.

The attention of practical teachers is directed to this carefully prepared book, by good compilers and practical men, W. O. PERKINS and D. B. TOWNER.

The whole 192 pages have special reference to the SINGING SCHOOL, and contain 57 Glees and Part Songs, 29 Hymn Tunes, 18 Anthems, 4 Chants, a MODULATOR, the MANUAL SIGNS, and 124 Graded Exercises.

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SONG BELLS. By L. O. EMERSON.
A very favorite collection of genial songs for COMMON SCHOOLS. Price, 50 cents.

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33 Songs of the highest order, by a famous composer, English and German words. The music appeals to the highest and most cultivated taste. **Price, $1.50.**

COLLEGE SONGS. (50c.) and **War Songs** (50c. each) sell everywhere, and please everybody.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 Broadway, N. Y.

Contagious!

I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. Finally I completely lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospitals.

I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I determined to give it a trial. I took six bottles and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life.

L. FRED HALFORD.

New York City, June 12th, 1885.

In March of last year (1884), I contracted blood poison, and being in Savannah, Ga., at the time, I went into the hospital there for treatment. I suffered very much from rheumatism at the same time. I did not get well under the treatment there, nor was I cured by any of the usual means. I have now taken seven bottles of Swift's Specific and am sound and well. It drove the poison out through boils on the skin. DAN LEARY.

Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 7, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases mailed free.

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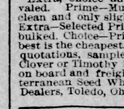
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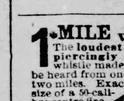
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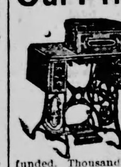
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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29.

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Circulation Last Week, 120,000.

THE week beginning Sunday, November 8, will be observed by Christians in sympathy with the work throughout the civilized world as a season of prayer for young men and Young Men's Christian associations.

PARTIES who claim a portion of the city of New York under old titles have formed a syndicate, and will make a strong legal fight for the upper end of the city, including Riverside Park. The property is valued at hundreds of millions of dollars.

IT is said that almost every feature of the present system of dealing with the Indian tribes is objectionable to Pres. CLEVELAND, and that he will, in his message, recommend radical changes in the methods of purchasing and issuing supplies.

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER was last week elected by an overwhelming majority president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Iowa, and a strong nonpartisan resolution was adopted approving her course in refusing to make the union an annex to the ST. JOHN movement or any other political organization.

THE new special delivery system will prove successful when the public once fully understands it. The plan is a new one, and is yet on trial. There will probably be weak spots to be remedied by future legislation, but it looks as though it will prove a benefit which the people will not willingly forego.

REMEMBER the offer of a Waterbury watch for a club of ten subscribers. This is the most liberal offer ever made by a newspaper. We warrant the watches. Any man, woman, boy or girl in any section of the country can earn a good, serviceable time-piece in an hour or two. Secure a good watch, immediately.

THE project of opening a new grain route for Montana and Manitoba through Hudson Strait is practically ended by the experience of the Arctic steamer Alert, which reached Halifax on her return from Hudson Bay a few days ago. The steamer's log shows that the strait is not navigable even four months of the year, and a part of the time it is open there is danger from floating ice.

THE conference of delegates from the countries of Europe which compose the Latin Monetary Union has decided to continue the union for several years longer, with the proviso that at its close each nation which is a member is to redeem its own issue of silver coins made during its continuance. Belgium has refused assent to this condition, but she has till January 1 next to consider the matter. France, Switzerland and Italy have consented to the stipulation.

THE shipments of coin from the overcrowded vaults at the different sub-treasuries to Washington since the general transfer began last month amount to about $26,000,000 in silver and $5,000,000 in gold. All the gold came from San Francisco, from which place about $18,000,000 in gold had previously been sent to New York by registered mail. It is estimated that it will take about a month and a half to count the coin already received at the treasury.

THE difference in the way things are looked at now from what they were even a few years ago is made evident by a passage in Lord SALISBURY'S recent speech. Speaking of Turkish rule in Europe he said it was English Conservative policy "whenever this rule is proved by events to be inconsistent with the welfare of populations, to strive to cherish and foster strong, self-sustaining nationalities." That is very good; but what has become of "the divine right of kings!"

THE great difference between wholesale and retail prices in small articles is strikingly shown in the estimate of the saving to the pupils of the public schools of Cleveland by having the Board of Education furnish ink, instead of requiring the pupils to purchase it. While the year's supply for all the schools will cost the board but $144, a saving of $1,440 per annum is insured to the pupils. This is a step in the direction of free school supplies, and should be followed up, not only in Cleveland, but in the other cities of the state.

ONE of the objections raised to the appointment of the Rev. Mr. CURRY as minister to Spain is that his brother-in-law, Mr. C. CARLISLE, of Washington, has been active in securing his appointment, and that Mr. CARLISLE is the attorney of the Spanish government, employed to defend it against certain claims of citizens of the United States. A second one is that Elder CURRY, who is a Baptist minister, is a fierce opponent of the Catholic religion, and it is hardly proper to send a person to represent the United States in a Catholic country who, in a public discourse, said:

Talk of infidelity! There is something worse, more difficult to overcome. That is Roman Catholicism, worse even than cannibalism.

THE friends of Irish Home Rule in Great Britain are greatly encouraged by the political contest. Neither party can afford to ignore the fact that the demands of Mr. PARNELL must be yielded to in some degree sooner or later, and it looks now as if the next House of Commons would be obliged to acquiesce. The political significance of the new franchise act is apparent already, in the great increase of the force of English democratic sentiment, and that sentiment is largely in favor of Irish self-government. It is evident that the Irish vote has become a factor which both parties consider important. English statesmen are now discussing ways and means to give Ireland some measure of local self-government, and this in itself is a significant fact.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE leading features of last week in business circles were a marked declining tendency in the markets for breadstuffs, provisions, live stock, and to less extent in cotton, and a continuation of the bullish speculation in securities, accompanied with the largest dealings of the year in both stocks and bonds. In trade circles there was either barely steadiness in values or positive weakness, though the force and volume of trade are evidently increasing rapidly, as is shown by the gains in bank clearings, the already large distribution of money from the principal centers, and by the gains in railroad traffic. At the stock registers everything has appeared roseate and buoyant, but elsewhere the improvement has appeared only in increasing activity. Produce has generally declined, reducing the available wealth of the people, and the advancing tendency in general merchandise has halted at a very slight rise in some few staples, and with all still at a level of relative depression.

TO SUM UP the crop situation for the year, we have a large product, the yield of corn, oats, cotton and probably live stock, sugar and fruits being larger than last year, while the yield of wheat, hay, rice, potatoes and tobacco is smaller. On the whole the balance appears to be, to a moderate extent, in favor af the year 1885–'86 in point of yield, but in respect to values there is no improvement in breadstuffs, while live stock and their products, and tobacco are much lower, and cotton is also lower. The outlook of foreign demand is only fair as contrasted with the last year or two. There will probably be a foreign outlet for a liberal surplus of agricultural produce, but the demand for breadstuffs, provisions or cotton will be regulated by our export values, and will be large only on a low basis.

THE resources of the New York banks were reduced during last week by $6,167,800, and loans were increased by $4,774,100. These are the most encouraging features of the money movement that have been previously seen during the current year. On August 1 the idle resources in these banks amounted to $160,474,500, and the loans were $306,309,900, a loss of 33 millions in the former and a gain of 34 millions in the latter.

THE business failures the past week, according to R. G. DUN & Co.'s report, foot up 11 more than last week, the total for the United States and Canada being 177. They were the most numerous in Canada and on the Pacific coast, the number in other sections being below the average.

THE political campaign in Great Britain seems just at present decidedly dull. Neither party are making many speeches, but the Liberalists are employing their time in quarreling among themselves. Party discipline is not maintained, apparently from over confidence in the result. Mr. GLADSTONE does not speak until November 12, when the exciting contest will begin again. Meanwhile the country is awaiting with considerable anxiety to know what the Government will do in regard to the Eastern question, and that will, no doubt, have an influence in the result of the election.

THE Eastern question is still in abeyance. The representatives of the Powers are now in Constantinople with instructions from their respective Governments and the settlement of the matter cannot be long delayed. At present, Russian diplomacy seems to be winning the day. The Porte has been persuaded against any acceptance of present conditions; Germany has been induced to unite in insisting upon the restoration of the old status, and BISMARCK has persuaded Austria to take the same positon. This leaves England, France, Spain and Italy to declare themselves, and either to unite in sustaining Prince ALEXANDER or compel his deposition and return to vassalship to Russia. The latter hopes in this way to finally obtain sway over the Balkan provinces and eventually gain Constantinople. Servia is expected to suspend war operations during the conference, and Greece and Macedonia must keep the peace. The situation is a critical one.

THE situation with regard to LOUIS RIEL is singular. He is under sentence or death, and the date of his execution is fixed for November 10. But Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, the Canadian premier, is in a dilemma over the matter. He admits that the half breeds had serious grievances to provoke the rebellion under RIEL'S leadership, and he knows that to execute RIEL will cause him to lose the support of the half-breed population, through whose votes he came into power. But the danger from RIEL'S execution is much more grave than a peaceful political revolution. RIEL stands, in the French Canadian mind, as the exponent of their cause, and a resort to arms on the part of these people might be the result if the sentence of the law is carried out; and, as the French Canadians and Irish are in a majority over the English in Canada, very serious trouble might easily follow.

THE new Chamber of Deputies in France contains over 200 Conservatives to some 370 Republicans. The former show a great increase in strength by the last election, and the result proves that the drift of sentiment in France is unmistakably away from Republicanism. The Conservatives are firmly united in the one purpose of restoring a monarchy. The Republicans are divided into factions which fight each other more vigorously than their common opponent. At present, it looks as if France might cease to be a Republic at no distant day, unless the party in power changes its course. Its factions will need to unite. It will need to abandon a disastrous colonial policy, and to stop a senseless persecution of the national church. Otherwise its early defeat is almost certain. The French people are heartily tired of the present condition of affairs.

THE news of a terrible massacre of Christians in Anam has been confirmed. Thousands have met with a violent death, and the work of civilization has been thrown back a half century. The policy of the French government is supposed to be the cause of the trouble. Most of the missionaries are French Catholics, and in the eyes of the people represent the nation which sent an army thither, the presence of which aroused an intense feeling and hot anger. Anarchy prevails through the whole territory which is nominally under the control of France, and outside is an army of ferocious savages who are bent upon exterminating a hated foe. It is a bad state of affairs.

THE governor of Massachusetts has led off by designating Thursday, November 26, as Thanksgiving Day. The President will probably select the same date.

HOW RUM AFFECTS BUSINESS.

There is a business as well as a moral end to the Rum traffic, which it is well enough to think of, although it is the least important consideration. The pocket nerve is, however, a very sensitive one, and should be touched in its turn.

It is perfectly safe to say that every penny spent in intoxicants is that much taken from the other trades, and it is worse than wasted, for it does the purchaser harm instead of good. It is not only a dead waste of what is spent but it incapacitates the user from earning. No drunkard is a good or reliable workman. A drunkard cannot perform as good, or as much, labor as a sober man.

Does any one know of a regular drunkard living in a decent house? Does any one know of a confirmed drunkard who owns his own house or who pays rent regularly for the apology of a house that he lives in? What stands in the way of his either owning a house, or paying rent promptly for a decent one? Rum, nothing else.

The lumber merchant, the hardware dealer and the builders are all defrauded of their just expectations by Rum. The beer shop, with the mercilessness of a devil fish, absorbs what legitimately belongs to them, and what the drunkard's well-being demands that he should pay to them.

Did any one ever see a beer-drunkard's family decently and healthfully fed? Never. The wives and children of the victim of the beer habit do not consume a quarter of what they should, for they can't get it. They are compelled to live upon just enough to sustain life, and that of the cheapest and coarsest. They do not live—they exist. The butcher and the baker are robbed by the beer shops.

Does any one know of a drunkard or his family with decent clothing? Was there ever a drunkard's family sufficiently clothed? Never. Rum absorbs all that should be paid to the dealers in dry goods, boots and shoes and dress goods.

As for the manufacturers and dealers in what may be called luxuries, that is, articles not absolutely necessary to the sustaining of life, but which in a state of civilization are really necessities—books, musical instruments, newspapers, pictures, sewing machines, and the like—what drunkard's family ever has them? Not one. His earnings all go for stimulants, and if his family get enough of the poorest food to exist upon they may consider themselves fortunate.

To illustrate. In Toledo are 800 whisky and beer shops. These pest-holes draw from the laboring men of the city something over $3,000,000 each year. This enormous sum of money would be spent among the business men of the city were there no whisky or beer shops. This enormous sum would be added to the legitimate trade of the city, instead of being sunk in this infernalism. And this is not all. The 800 beer shops destroy as much more, in the capacity to produce. The drunkard cannot do a day's work when he works at all, and he cannot put in half his time at labor. He becomes incapable of labor, and will only work when the rum appetite can be satisfied in no other way.

And, finally, add to this wholesale robbery of the community, the entire cost of the crime and pauperism which is to be directly charged to this curse, all of which is borne by honest labor, and the sum total is something incredible.

We have not referred in this to the moral effects of the traffic. We have not referred to the misery it occasions, to the ruin it spreads, to the manhood and womanhood it destroys. It is not necessary.

If the son of a drunkard becomes a good man it is because he has either a very strong mental and moral organization, or because accidental or Providential influences have put him outside the influence of the father. If the daughter of a drunkard becomes a good woman, it is for the same reason. The chances are fearfully against both. If there is a drunkard's wife who is happy, or whose life is not one round of misery, misery so constant and acute as to make death welcome, we have never seen her. It is the one brutalizing influence on earth, the one which has nothing in it to relieve or mitigate. There are humanitarian reasons for killing the traffic, but from a dollar and cent standpoint the business man, above all others, is the one who should do the most to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A MOST notable engineering work has just been completed in England—the construction of a railway tunnel four and a quarter miles long, beneath the mouth of the Severn river. This tunnel is on the Great Western railway, from London to Cardiff, Wales, and it reduces the distance thirteen miles. It is 26 feet wide and 20 feet high; its crown is 30 feet below the river bottom, and it has 55 feet of water above its whole length at low tide, and 91 feet at high tide. Its cost is about $3,000,000.

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THE New York *Staats Zeitung*, an influential German daily of that city, edited by Hon. OSWALD OTTENDORFER, speaking of CLEVELAND'S chilly indorsement of the New York Democratic ticket, says that the break in the Democratic party will come during CLEVELAND'S administration, and that the President's "forced confession of loyalty to his party" cannot defer it.

THE persecution of Christians in China has been made the subject of a letter from Consul SEYMOUR, of Canton, to the State department, asking that the United States take some action for their protection, they being United States citizens. But what can BAYARD do, in view of the butchery of Chinese miners in Wyoming?

THE books which we offer in combination with the BLADE are mostly of our own publication and every volume is warranted perfect. We are selling the most of them at half price. See which you want.

THE death of poor, crazed CARLOTTA, widow of MAXIMILIAN, the emperor whom France imposed for a time on Mexico, is daily expected.

WHEN you renew your subscription, secure us at least one of your neighbors. We want to reach 200,000 this winter.

GRANT AND JOHNSON.

In an address made shortly after the death of Gen. GRANT, Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, of New York, alluded to the services the old hero had performed for his country, which were unwritten, but were quite as important as any that were recorded. A good deal of curiosity was excited as to what the special service was to which Mr. DEPEW alluded, which he gratifies by the publication of his letter to Col. FRED GRANT, already given to the readers of the BLADE. The story is a most valuable addition to the history of the reconstruction era immediately following the war.

On the accession of ANDREW JOHNSON to power, as is well known, he announced his intention to rigorously punish as traitors all the leading members of the Confederacy. He insisted that the courts of Virginia should find indictments against them, and also insisted that such officers of the rebel army as had left the regular army to join the rebellion should be summarily dealt with by court-martial. GRANT expostulated with him, but JOHNSON was determined and obstinate, and only halted when GRANT declared:

If there are to be courts-martial for trial of the rebel leaders, one must be first called to try me; for by every means in my power I will protect my parole and will appeal to Congress and the country.

JOHNSON, stubborn as he was, was compelled to abandon his bloodthirsty scheme. Next he adopted the still baser purpose of employing treason as a means of self-aggrandizement. He hated the rebels because they had formerly despised him on account of his lowly birth. Now they surrounded him and flattered him into the belief that they regarded him as not only of them, but the head of their aristocratic order. JOHNSON became as anxious to defend them and favor them, as just before he had been to wreak his vengeance on them. He sent for Gen. GRANT and proposed to direct by proclamation that the rebel states send to Washington their full quota of Senators and Representatives; thus forming the nucleus for a Congress that should have a quorum in one if not in both houses. And this rebel Congress the President proposed to organize. To his appeal for aid in this scheme, GRANT replied that if JOHNSON attempted it he should

drive a Congress so constituted out of the capitol at the point of the bayonet, give possession of the building to the Senators and Representatives of the loyal states, protect them, and, if necessary, appeal to the country and to the Union army so lately mustered out of service.

Next, JOHNSON tried to get GRANT out of the country by sending him on a secret mission to Mexico. But the old hero was immovable. He refused to go, saying:

If the mission is diplomatic, I decline it. If it is military, I refuse to obey, because the general of the army may not be ordered to a foreign country with which we are at peace.

The story is a strange one, but perfectly in keeping with the characters of both GRANT and JOHNSON. It merely shows the people of the United States that, so far from over estimating the character of Gen. GRANT, we have come short of his just deserts, and that the debt of gratitude the country owes her greatest soldier is to be increased by what she owes him for his sterling and incorruptible patriotism.

PROFESSIONAL LABOR AGITATORS.

If there is one thing more than another that the labor organizations need to take to their hearts and heed, it is this one warning: Beware of agitators. The most of them are men who will not work, but are determined to live at the expense of others who are too honest and too industrious to take from any one else what they have returned no equivalent for. These men go here and there, wherever they may chance to know of any dissatisfaction among workers, and manage to increase the ill-feeling to exasperation, thereby rendering it impossible to bring about an early adjustment of the difficulties. All of these things are thoroughly understood by many of the best in the labor organizations, and they prompted the secretary of the Coal Miners' association in Pennsylvania to give the warning named above to the coal miners of the state.

These fellows have not the interest of the laboring men at heart. They care no more for them than for the dust beneath their feet, only so far as they are thus supplied with the means of living in idleness. They are tricksters in every sense of the word, and this is made especially evident in a political campaign. It is then that they work their plans to the utmost, managing to sell the votes of laborers to the highest bidders and themselves pocketing the money. They do this by false representations, under pretense of consulting the good of the laboring class, when in reality they are simply consulting their own pockets.

There is another class of these labor agitators, loud mouthed brawlers sometimes, but not infrequently fair orators, who care for nothing but notoriety. They will stir an excited crowd to mob violence under pretence of leading it to redress the wrongs of the many. When the law regains control, and the time for the punishment of the ringleaders comes, they have escaped elsewhere to repeat their villainy.

Let the honest and intelligent workingmen beware of these rascals. They can take measures for the protection of their own interests without such assistance. They need no one to tell them when they are wronged, and they certainly do not want to be forced by means of needless agitation into any violent proceeding, which they may be at any time, if these brawlers are heeded. Look out for such professional agitators and give them the go-by, especially when difficult matters come up for adjustment. That is the only safe and right way.

IN spite of a general rain all over Ohio on the day of the state election, the total vote of the state was 730,732. FORAKER received 359,538; HOADLY 341,380; FORAKER'S plurality, 18,158. The total vote in 1884 was 721,810, FORAKER receiving 347,164, and HOADLY 359,693. The total vote at the state election of 1884 was 785,691, and at the Presidential election 787,159.

THE resignation of Civil Service Commissioner L. D. THOMAN, of Ohio, is now in the President's hands, and he has now the task before him of filling all three of these positions. It is a delicate and a difficult one, because of the undisguised hostility of the Democratic party to the civil service law and the reform principles to which the President has pledged himself.

THE CINCINNATI RESULT.

The farce of the "official count" in Hamilton county is over, and the result, as announced, is the election of the entire Democratic legislative ticket, HOADLY'S plurality over FORAKER in the county is 646, while KENNEDY has 734 more votes than WARWICK. The vote of the four Democratic candidates for state senators ranges from 34,822 to 34,534, while that of the Republicans runs from 34,401 to 34,118. The highest and lowest votes among the ten Democratic candidates for representatives are respectively 34,707 and 34,529; highest and lowest for Republican candidates, 34,443 and 34,381, except HARLAN, who ran far behind his ticket, receiving 33,923 votes.

These small majorities for the Democratic legislative ticket are palpably fraudulent. There are five precincts in which the frauds were open and glaring, viz.: precinct A, 4th ward; F, 9th ward; E, 18th ward; and E and F, 19th ward. A temporary restraining order has been granted by the courts against the canvassing or abstracting of the returns from these five precincts, against certifying on any abstract made, and against issuing any certificate of election to the Democratic candidates. The proof of fraud is positive. For instance, precinct A, 4th ward, with only 720 voters registered, returned 973 ballots, while there but about 600 votes actually cast on election day, and nearly 400 Democratic tickets were stuffed into the box after the polls had closed. In precinct E, 18th ward, the registration book was taken away, and repeating in the Democratic interest was done openly, one man voting seven times under different names, and two boys residing in Kentucky being allowed to vote and receiving money therefor. It was the ballot-box of this ward which had the hinges broken off, and was afterward tied up with a rope. It is easy to see that the Democratic majority on the face of the returns would be reversed were the gross and palpable frauds righted in these two precincts alone, and that the claim of the Republicans, the day following the election, that they elected every legislative candidate save HARLAN was a just one.

By these frauds ten Democratic representatives and four senators are elected, on the face of the returns, besides the Democratic county ticket. The Republicans have but to prove that 327 votes were improperly added to the Democratic totals, to elect all their representatives except HARLAN. The fraudulent work was made stronger in the case of the senators, and it will require a throwing out of 471, 619, 648 and 654 Democratic votes respectively to seat the four Republican senators.

Whatever the result in the courts may be, the contest will be carried to the General Assembly. The constitution of Ohio provides that each house shall be sole judge of the qualifications, election and returns of its own members. All the court can do is to direct the clerk to issue certificates to one set of candidates or the other. The persons holding the certificates will have the right to assist in the organization of the respective houses, which, after organization, will decide the contested cases. The Democrats will thus have the power to seat the four senators fraudulently elected, if they can so far forget what is due to the people; but the house will right the iniquity, so far as ten representatives are concerned.

Should the matter terminate as indicated above, with the house Republican and the senate Democratic, there will be a dead-lock on legislation. The Republicans cannot pass a liquor taxation law; they cannot legislate to release Cincinnati from the grip of the gang; they cannot change the present abominable management of the Ohio peniteutiary; they cannot repeal the infamous gerrymander of the state, and redistrict it so as to give each party the representation in the national House of Representatives to which its numbers properly entitle it; they cannot legislate for the best interests of the people of this state, and will be hampered in carrying out the pledges the Republican party made the people. There is one thing they can do, however, and which they will do—elect JOHN SHERMAN to the Senate of the United States.

IT is probable that the phrase, "bloody shirt," had its origin in an incident that happened at Damascus in the days of MOHAMMED. In speaking of MOAWIYAH, the secretary of the false prophet, GIBBON says, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:"

The sacred duty of pursuing the assassins of Othman was the engine and pretense of his ambition. The bloody shirt of the martyr was exposed in the mosque of Damascus; the emir deplored the fate of his injured kinsman, and 60,000 Syrians were engaged in his service by an oath of fidelity and revenge.

The displaying of the bloody shirt of the murdered OTHMAN may possibly have been imitated in the South, in showing the bloody stained and bullet-riddled garments of some murdered colored Republican, who went down to death because he endeavored to exercise his rights as a freeman under the constitution of the United States. Do any of the readers of the BLADE know anything of the origin of the phrase?

THE leading Republican papers of Chicago condemn in the strongest terms the nominations made by the Republican county convention. This is the proper thing to do. The Republican party cannot afford to allow unfit nominations to be made, and they should be promptly repudiated by the press, as they generally are by the people at the polls. The Chicago *Journal* strikes the keynote when it declares that "the only effectual way to maintain the honor and integrity of the Republican party is to compel such men who creep into it as are reckless of honor and integrity to take back seats."

THE contributors to the GRANT fund, raised several years ago by the efforts of Mr. GEO. JONES, held a meeting in New York and decided to place the fund in the hands of the United States Trust company, the interest to go to Mrs. GRANT during her life, then to her children, and after they are all dead the share of each to be distributed to his or her children.

RENEW your subscription in advance of the date of expiration. It is just as easy for you, and it saves us a world of worry and expense. Then you take no risk of a break. Look at your label, and get in your subscription immediately.

WHEN CLEVELAND heard of the crushing defeat of the Democratic party at the Ohio election, he remarked: "I am satisfied." In this expression of opinion honest men everywhere are in hearty accord with the chief executive.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

HALLOWE'EN.

Next Sunday is All Saints' day, a high festival in the Roman Catholic church, introduced because it was impossible to keep a separate day for every saint. In England the proper name was "Hallowmas"—that is "holy mass" or festival. It was introduced by Pope GREGORY IV in 835, and appointed to be held on November 1; and it is the opinion of antiquarians that its date was so fixed because the "eve" or night preceding it was one of the four great pagan festivals of the inhabitants of Britain and northern Europe, and it was the policy of the church to supplant heathen by Christian observances, wherever possible.

The night of October 31 is still called "Hallow eve" or "Hallowe'en." It was formerly believed to be a night on which the fairies held a grand anniversary festival, and that witches, devils and unclean spirits were all abroad on evil and mischief-making errands. A relic of this latter belief is still seen in the efforts of Young America to make mischief by throwing cabbage stalks against doors, handfuls of corn against windows, misplacing gates, etc. Hallowe'en has always been the time for certain usages by young men and maidens, to discover their future wives or husbands, by the performance of spells of various kinds. For the benefit of the love-lorn among the BLADE'S readers, we recapitulate a few of these:

Take two hazelnuts or chestnuts (dry beans or apple seeds will do, on a pinch); place them side by side on a hot stove, naming one for yourself, the other for the adored one. If they burn quietly side by side, it will be a match. If, however, one snaps and flies away, the person after whom it was named will prove faithless.

Take a hard-boiled egg, remove the yolk, fill the cavity with salt, and eat the egg, salt and all. Retire at once, without drinking any water. If you dream that some one offers you a drink, you will marry that person within a year.

Eat an apple before a mirror at midnight, alone, and watch your reflection in the glass. If you see the face of a person peering over your shoulder, the marriage will follow within a year.

Melt a piece of lead and pour slowly into a pan of water from a height of four or five feet. The pieces will form letters, which are the initials of the one you will marry. If a girl try this charm, the shape of the pieces will be that of the tools of the occupation of the future husband—a plow for a farmer, a hammer for a carpenter or smith, etc.

A DISPATCH from Kansas City says that the police had a photograph taken of the murdered KATIE CONWAY'S eyes, and that the picture will be examined by a powerful microscope in the hope that the portrait of the murderer will be discovered. The theory that the retina of the eye of a dying person will retain the last visual impression of which the brain was cognizant was first broached about 30 years ago by some imaginative French newspaper writer. His article was so well written, and went into such circumstantial detail of the case which he alleged to have occurred, as to powerfully arrest public attention, and one or two experiments were actually made, we believe, by scientific men, to determine the truth of the theory. They resulted in failure, of course, and the story was branded as a *canard*. Some writer afterward made the idea the turning-point of a blood-and-thunder novel in the New York *Ledger*, and it may be the recollection of this which has caused the Kansas City authorities to make the experiment. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, it will be a failure. The retina of the eye has no such properties as the sensitive plate in the camera, and retains no visual impressions.

ENGLAND has decided to gobble up Burmah. The British cabinet has decided to formally declare war against King THEEBAW, and the Viceroy of India, Lord DUFFERIN, has been given full power to act. Meanwhile the French government has formally protested against England's determination to annex Burmah to the Anglo-Indian empire. France is trying to play the robber in Tonquin, and fears any advance of the English frontier in that direction.

Burmah has a total area of about 200,000 square miles—five times the size of the state of Ohio—and a population of between three and four millions of athletic, hardy people, possessed of considerable intelligence and mechanical skill. Their ruler, King THEEBAW, is cruel and bloodthirsty. He ascended the throne in 1878, and his reign has been marked by murder and rapine. He had three of his brothers killed in cold blood, that they might not conspire against him. Burmah's great river, the Irrawaddy, has its mouth in British India, and as the country can be appropriated without any complications ensuing with neighboring countries, the chances are good for annexation.

IF you approve of the course of the BLADE, secure us one new subscriber. You can do your neighbor no greater service. Spread the truth, and spread it widely. Also please send us the names of your friends everywhere, that we may send specimen copies to them. We shall make the BLADE better and stronger every issue.

No matter whether in Mississippi or Ohio, in Copiah or Hamilton county, the freedom and purity of the ballot is the only safeguard of popular freedom, and the Republican party will oppose any efforts to overthrow or annul the will of the people, no matter by whom attempted.

IT is rumored in Washington that Gen. ROSECRANS will be the first of the Democratic officials to be asked for his resignation, as he has bungled the business of the office of register of the treasury badly.

NASBY.

...the Democratic party would never have ...tained control of national affairs as it ...s, and the soldiers would have been ...ared the present humiliation caused by ...e elevation of that party to power.

J. W. CHURCH, 1st Minn battery.
Barboursville, W. Va.

Battle of Jonesboro.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Gen. Sherman uttered a trite saying when ...e said the Southern Confederacy was only ...shell, but it must be admitted the shell was ...retty hard and thick, reaching from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Jonesboro, Ga. The first ...ow was struck at Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain the latter part of November, ...63, and the shell was finally broken at ...onesboro on Sept. 1, 1864. A few reminiscences by one that was present at every ...ow struck by his regiment, the 14th O. V. ...may be of interest to your readers after ...lapse of 21 years.

It would be but natural that the opposing ...enerals should resort to strategy. Hood ...esiring to get in the rear of Sherman's ...rmy and cut off his supplies, thereby forcing Sherman's victorious army to retreat. ...herman, knowing if he could reach the ...acon railroad, Hood's line of supp... ...ood would be compelled to evacuate Atlanta. Accordingly Hood sent Wheeler ...ith his cavalry northward with orders to ...hreaten and destroy Sherman's line of communication when that general attacked ...alton, but was beautifully whipped. Sherman, now feeling easy about his line of supplies, and leaving the 20th corps entrenched ...n the banks of the Chattahoochee ...iver, moved with the balance of ...he army southward. Hood thinking that Wheeler's expedition ...as successful and Sherman was retreating, laboring under this delusion for ...8 hours, giving his antagonist time to ...each the Westpoint railroad and thoroughly destroying it for miles and resuming his ...march for the Macon railroad. Then Hood, ...o longer ignorant of Sherman's intentions, ordered Lee's and Hardee's corps to ...onesboro. Sherman based his plans for ...eptember 1, on the supposition that Hood's ...ntire army would be concentrated at ...onesboro, but learning late on the afternoon of the 1st that Lee had disappeared, ...very effort was then made to bring up the ...my of the Cumberland, to break, if possible, Hardee's lines. Gen (Pap) ...homas ordered up Stanley's 4th corps ...d Jeff C. Davis's 14th corps, Davis arriving first with the 3d brigade of the ...division in the lead. Three assaults had ...already been made on Hardee's lines; the 3d ...brigade was marched up a ravine to within ...bout twenty rods of the enemy's line, and ...alted, which was entrenched in two lines ...the brow of the hill in the edge of the ...imber (of scrub oaks) protected at each ...gle of their works by a battery of artillery. The selection was a good one. As the ...ush reached nearly to the ground it ...greatly retarded the advance of the assaulants. The brigade soon learned that they ...d been brought up for the purpose of ...aking a charge on the enemy's lines; they ...ere ordered to unsling knapsacks and fix ...yonets. We all knew what that meant. ...t a gun was to be fired till the enemy's ...orks was reached.

As the sun was sinking in the western ...rizon, which would be the last setting sun ...t some of us would ever behold, but with ...termination expressed and depicted on ...ach countenance, with thoughts Heavenward and hopes high, the column moved ...ward to death or victory. The charge ...s sounded, the muskets rattled, the cannon roared, double charged with grape ...nd canister, the boys fell to the right and ...t on, on the column went until the enemy's lines were reached. Musketry again ...attled, and steel clashed against steel. ...hen I returned to consciousness night had ...alled down and all was silent, without a ...an to be seen on his feet. The first man I ...met was Gen Baird, with hat in had. When ...nquired, General, where are the boys, he ...plied to the front and said we scooped ...em. Atlanta is ours. Which proved to ...be true. JACOB LOHR.

Ontario, Ohio.

The Nonsense of Starvation of Rebel Prisoners.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Heliol you fellows. What a fuss you are making about "E. F." I know that M. D. Hyma is right. "E. F." does not ...ow much about the war, when he says ...outhern soldiers were starved in Northern ...risons." C. M. D. Hyma chanced to be ...quainted with "Johnnies." He happened ...be at Camp Chase when the rebels drew ...tions. Why, they drew light bread, ...ork, beans and coffee. Oh, my! "E. F." ...ld spirit must be terribly broken up by ...at blow. Now let the little boy that was, ...C. H.," step in and finish him. He knows, ...deed he does, that the prisoners were both ...ll fed and sheltered. Now, "E. F.," ...n't you feel flat? If you don't I will come ...wn on you, and then I am sure you will ...willing to yield without a whimper. ...But first let me tell you something ...out it. To each prisoner, prior to Febru...y, 1865, there was issued twelve ounces of ...rk or bacon, or sixteen ounces of fresh or ...lt beef; flour or soft bread, eighteen ...nces, or corn meal, eighteen ounces. All ...eir bread—wheat or corn—was baked at ...e garrison bakery, and was good. Does ...at look like starvation? In addition, ...ey received to every hundred rations, ...ans or peas, fifteen pounds, or in lieu of ...ans or peas, rice or hominy, ten pounds; ...ound coffee, five pounds, or green coffee, ...ven pounds, or in lieu of coffee, tea, one ...und; sugar, twelve pounds; soap, four ...unds; salt, three and three-quarter ...unds; vinegar, three quarts. Such were ...e rations issued to the rebels at Rock ...land prison prior to February, 1865. ...was one of the garrison, and the list of ...tions was given to me by the post adjutant. I was a guard on the parapet, then ...the gate, then near the close of the war I ...s one of the inspectors to examine the ...ll passing to and from the prison. So I ...d better opportunity for knowing how ...nnies were treated at our northern ...sons than any chance observer could ...ve, and I know that from the said Febru..., 1865, to June of the same year when ...y were released, the prisoners at Rock ...land, Ills., were really starved by order ...m the War department. At least our ...ficers told us they were acting under or...rs that they must obey. Now fire, and if ...u don't shell me so far into the ground ...t I will not dare to be seen in the light of ...ur fire, I would like to tell you some of ...e things I know of life in a northern ...son.

HENRY KIRBY,
Talamus, Neb.

Pensioning all Soldiers.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Seeing the letter of a comrade of the old corps, put me in the notion of throwing in a chip. I for one cannot see why the ...rades of the G. A. R. reported adversely ...pensioning soldiers. Like the Dakota ...rade, I can't see that the government ...dons anything grand for the soldier. It ...rue we could go out on the frontier and ...a piece of land, provided we had the ...ney to build our little room fourteen by ...en feet, get teams, farming implements ...something to live on for the first ...teen months, for those who have tried ...an tell you that is about the shortest ...e you can expect much of a return for ...r labor on a raw prairie farm. In the ...antime the "little eight" dollars per ...nth would be a God send. Miss Bouton ...doubt thought she was greatly incon...enced by the use of so small a room, ...whatever she think when I tell her that ...le she was in Portland, I and my family ...re denied the privilege of reading an ac...nt of the proceedings there and elsewhere, simply because my subscription to BLADE had expired and I had not a ...lar to renew! I did without the dear old ...ADE for some time, and then borrowed a ...lar till I could thrash my wheat, and renewed my subscription.

Boston, who enlisted at ...

IT is said that FOSTER, who has been appointed consul to Eberfeld, Germany, was formerly a clerk in the internal revenue bureau at Washington. He was detected in improper relations with a contractor who had a patent meter he was trying to sell the government, and lost his situation. He went to Indiana, and became a Democratic reformer.

IOWA is one of the banner Republican states, and there is close connection between this fact and the additional one that she has 420,794 legal voters, and but 13,225 persons over ten years old who cannot read and write. Republicanism and popular education go hand in hand.

READ carefully our advertisements stating our combination offers. The goods we handle are all reliable, all good, and all at about half of what they can be gotten for elsewhere. Look over the list and see if you need any of them, and note the prices.

CURRENT EVENTS.

It is already apparent that there will be a deficit of nearly $7,000,000 in the postal revenues for the fiscal year, and the diminution in the number and amount of foreign money-orders is quite marked.——Rev. Dr. Curry, lately appointed minister to Spain, denies that he was ever connected with the government of Andersonville prison.——The pope is said to have decided to give Laval university at Quebec an importance equal to that of the American college at Rome, and ecclestiastics can then complete their theological studies on this side of the Atlantic.——A miner at Plymouth, Pa., entered a dangerous portion of a mine with a naked lamp on his head, causing an explosion which killed one man and fatally burned fourteen others.——Theodore Tilton's home in Europe is presided over by his eldest daughter.——In Canada and Australia Queen Victoria is known as "the Queen." In India she is called "the Empress."——Mrs. Langtry has been brought before an English court for neglecting to pay her debts.——The total exports of produce from New York during the last week were valued at $6,

Correspondence.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches etc., are sent for insertion, they will do well to say so, that they will be returned only if stamps are enclosed for that purpose. We will not hereof preserve ANY MSS., and we will NOT be responsible for any sent in.

Woman's Influence.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

Your fearless and indefatigable warfare against rum in all its hideousness, and vices in whatever form or guise it may make its appearance, is, in my opinion, doing more towards effecting the suppression of its manufacture and sale than any other paper now published. Believing that you are in favor of a full and free expression of opinions as to the best and quickest means of accomplishing that end, I would like to make a few suggestions as to my idea of diminishing its use much faster than it has been for the past few years, or is being diminished at the present time, if I have been a fine believer for many years past that the full or fair success of the temperance cause lies almost, if not entirely, in the control of the mothers and daughters of the country. I know that many will say at once, I'd like to know how to make that argument good. Put this way: Let mothers educate their daughters, from their earnest visible interest in the good and evil, to ignore and have nothing to do with any one that deals in or drinks, or has anything to do with anything that intoxicate. This plan, I know, would take some time to bring about a thorough reformation, still I think it to be much quicker and more certain than any plan now advocated.

It is a foregone conclusion that the boys will cater to the wishes of the girls in nine cases out of ten, and if girls only thought to express their feelings in disgust, at any and all times, towards the use of intoxicants of all kinds by any one, and very particularly their friends and associates, I feel sure that we would see a very great change in the habits of our young men inside of the next ten years. To illustrate: I know a young man of good parentage; bright up in good society, has a good education; writes a beautiful hand; has had every chance, and has every requisite to make a No. 1 business man; and is now, so far as practical knowledge is concerned, a first-class railroad man of his age, 21 years; and from his own story, is really loved by one of the best New York city belles, and one that he seems to think is perfection. Now that young man has lived a pretty fast life, as most young men of similar ambition and temperament do live in New York city; not that they are all drunkards, but they are very free social drinkers, and liberal patrons of the billiard and pool tables, and occasionally of the card table at a social game of poker or faro, all of which tend to lead one not possessed with the stronger kind of mind, down to destruction. This young man is not by nature quite a regular social drinker, which, without doubt, was the cause of his being discharged from his position. He came west and stopped drinking or gambling for over six months, but the associates he chose soon got him to take a drink or two, and then a hand at poker "just to pass the time, you know," which will of course put him back on the down grade, and before he is aware of it, unless he stops short, he will find himself surprised by the velocity with which he is going down the grade to destruction. Now I think if the young lady home of his could only know of the backward step he has taken since he left her a short time ago in the East and say to him in wife, loving, but emphatic terms, that she would never give her heart and hand to any man that could not, or would not, keep his word by saying no to any and all importunities to drink or gamble, for one is but the near companion to the other, he might be saved. The above case is but one of many instances, and no doubt many of the readers of the BLADE can call to mind many others coming under their own observation. NO NAME.

"Why Do Husband's Drink?"

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

"Observer's" original article in the BLADE I never saw, but I wish to reply to the female observer, whose article appeared last. She lays it all at the man's door. She claims for her sex that practically they have no fault—no failings. Now for any human being, not excepting the females themselves. The history of the world is full of faults committed by members of both sexes. I do not expect to have people believe my truths. Falsehoods do not succeed in the end anywhere. See how she speaks: "Happy girls, earning their own money; spending it as they have been taught by their every duty for the girls, calls us men (in a slur) "lords of creation," "virge lords," "meet that animal," "Sir, at thine own door lies the crime," etc.

If this woman calls her husband an animal, as she calls man in her article, it may be that is as far as her limited view of manhood can go. See if he lives

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. DO NOT interline. Write BRIEFLY.

HOME TALKS.

LYING VS. POLITENESS.

To tell a deliberate lie is contemptible. It is usually the resort of the coward, for the purpose of self-shielding, or to make an attack upon another for some personal reason. I have just as much respect for the thief as for the habitual liar, and I believe that the latter, until found out and publicly branded, does far more harm in the community. The law gives some defense against the one who robs your henroost or steals your pocketbook, but provides none against the terrible consequences which often flow from a falsehood.

Perhaps you may have read of the little girl who came in her night clothes very early one morning to her mother, saying: "What is worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother replied that both were so bad she could not tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it, and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in her little face, "a lie is forever."

The child was right—a "lie *is* forever." Even though an acknowledgement is made of the spoken untruth, its poison has gone out, and is borne as if upon the wind here and there, and no human hand can stay its progress, no influence absolutely nullify its effects.

The tendency to lying is often inherited. I know there are many who will exclaim against the heresy of saying that the white souled babies, the pure, innocent little ones who seem as if come straight from heaven itself, can have a shadow of evil upon them, but I have seen too many of these wingless angels suddenly develop qualities that showed them to be of human origin, not to believe that there are abnormal moral inheritances as well as physical. The children of a race of thieves *may*, under benign influences, develop into honest men and women. They are quite as likely, in spite of all good teaching, to follow in the footsteps of those who have gone before them, and be thieves also.

It is the same with lying. There are people who tell what is not so simply because it comes so much easier. It seems absolutely impossible for them to speak the truth. They are in fact, morally diseased, and the disease is developed in that direction.

I do not mean to say however, that all children who have a habit of telling untruths, have inherited the tendency. It sometimes comes from a vivid imagination, the desire to tell something which will be a surprise to their comrades, or will cause a commotion, and that overcomes their sense of shame in doing what they have been taught is wrong. A little girl I knew was riding with her mother and a friend, when the conversation turned upon the difficulty of getting in and out of that particular kind of carriage. The horse was moving quite rapidly and neither of the ladies was paying any attention to the child. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Oh, stop, mamma, I have dropped my handkerchief, and it's my new, pretty one, too."

"How careless," said her mother, "and we were just talking about how hard it was to get out and in the carriage!"

"I am sorry mamma," the little one said, "but I could not help it. It just flewed out of my hand."

The carriage was stopped, and the lady jumped out over the wheel and walked back along the road looking for the lost article, the child peering ont after her the while. She went some distance but in vain. Returning to the carriage, she asked:

"Are you *sure* you dropped it? Look down by your feet and see if it is not there."

"No mamma, I'm sure it is not there. I just *know* it isn't."

She did know. There was a little wavering in her eyes which made her mother look at her more closely, when she discovered that she was holding one little hand tightly clinched in the folds of her dress. Drawing it forth and forcing her to open it, there lay the handkerchief wadded up into a little ball. The purpose was so evident that her mother could not doubt that it was an intentional lie. The child's attention had been aroused by the conversation about the carriage, and she wanted to see if it really was so hard for grown-up people to get in and out as they said. I never heard whether moral suasion or the slipper was used to limit that little one's curiosity in the future, but her mother told me, in speaking of the circumstance, that for several months about that time she was in despair, for the child would tell just such uncalled-for lies as that one, and she could not depend upon anything she said. It seemed to come upon her moral nature as the measles or whooping cough does upon the physical, and like them to pass away, for I saw her afterwards, as a charming young girl, with no sign of untruthfulness about her. I cannot explain this sort of limited—as to time—moral perversion. I only know that it was not an inherited defect, nor the result of careless association, but it proved conclusively that the grace of truth-telling must be cultivated in all cases, just as the graces of person must be. The most watchful care is necessary upon the part of parents, to make children recognize the fact that a lie is disgraceful and cowardly, and as great a shame to a lady or gentleman as to steal another's property. That may be speaking strongly, and I am well aware that the world does not so consider it, but if the demoralization that both habits bring could be measured, I do not believe the latter would outweigh the former.

"I despise an habitual liar," says some one, "but of all persons, I pray to be delivered from the one who prides herself upon always telling the exact truth, no matter how disagreeable it may be."

I do not call that truth. It is simply brutality. You may know a thing to be true, and yet it be none of your business to make the fact of your knowledge apparent. On the contrary it would be absolute cruelty. Even if questioned about it, unless you are sure that good would come of the telling, silence at such a time is golden. If that is not possible an evasive reply would be no sin. It might be a duty.

If to be truthful it were necessary to tell all you know about everybody, and to say exactly all that you think, I should advocate occasional lying, otherwise society would be a kind of pandemonium. That is not necessary. Not only does courtesy demand reserved thoughts, but a due regard for the rights of others does also. A blunt statement may be a truth, and yet be a needless cruelty that is murderous.

I have heard it claimed that politeness and truth cannot go together. If to be true involves the continual saying of disagreeable things, then they cannot, but it does not. If no good is to be attained by telling an unpleasant fact, keep it to yourself, and think of something that is agreeable to say. It is not hard to find at least one thing in every body you meet, which is to be commended, and one should never hold back words of appreciation. It is not necessary to flatter, but simply to see and speak only of what is good, and let the rest go. No one individual can set the world aright but she can do much towards making it a happier one to live in, by looking always for the best that is in those around her, and then showing the possessor that she has found it.

The difference in people in regard to uniting truth and politeness is seen in the following incident:

Two friends met in the dressing room of a house where an entertainment was in progress.

"How do you like my new dress?" asked one, brightly and expectantly.

A quick look showed to the artistic eye of the other a misfit and unfavorable coloring, but exceedingly fine material. Without a second's hesitation, she answered:

"It is a beautiful piece of goods, so soft and silky, and yet so firm. Where did you find it?"

She spoke the truth, but not all of it, and left her friend satisfied. A moment after another intimate entered, and the same question was put to her. She looked her over in silence, then exclaimed:

"I don't like it at all. The color makes you look like a thundercloud, and the fit is abominable. Gives you a regular stoop shoulder form. I always told you Miss L. was not a good dressmaker, but you will go to her."

This was truth too, but who will say that the first speaker was not the truer Christian and the truer lady, in that she did not speak of defects which could not then be remedied. Her words, had no others been spoken, would have sent the wearer, bright and happy, into the throng below, by the greater part of which the defects in her dress would have been unnoticed in the pleasure her gay words and merry laughter produced. As it was she went among them depressed and half angry, with a fair prospect of being a wall flower for the evening, and of leaving an unpleasant impression with her friends and acquaintances.

Truth and politeness are *never* inconsistent with each other. A brutal frankness may possess the element of truth but there is no virtue in it, simply because it is stripped of what makes truth valuable. A tender thoughtfulness and gentle tact which shows how truth may be told, or when silence should be kept, so that needless injury to the feelings of others may not be given, often form the dividing line between the person who has many friends and the one who numbers few. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Key Rack.—Go to a store where fancy work materials are kept and get a large wooden key which comes for the purpose. Sometimes this is already bronzed, but if not, coat it over with glue, cover it thickly with sago, let dry and then bronze it with the liquid bronzing to be bought at the art stores. Cover the body of the key with plush, screw in the hooks, and tie a ribbon into the ring, fastening the other end to the other end of the key, to hang it up by. Place a ribbon at the fastening at the ring.

Mrs. L. W., Sharon, Pa., the new book on "Fancy Work" *will* tell you how to make a very beautiful tidy. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

To Preserve Autumn Leaves.—Press between the leaves of the book; leave them there until the moisture of the leaves has been absorbed; then dip them into melted wax (such as is used for moulding fruits), into which put a few drops of turpentine, and place upon newspapers to harden perfectly. This will make the leaves pliable and natural, and give sufficient gloss. Care must be taken that the wax is of the right temperature. This can be ascertained by dipping a leaf in and drawing it out over the pan, both sides of the leaf, and holding it up by them. If the wax is too hot, the leaf will shrivel; if too cool, it will harden in lumps on the leaf. —ORVA MANNING.

To Crystalize Grasses.—Take 1½ lbs. of rock alum, and pour on it ½ gallon boiling water; when cool put into a wide-mouthed vessel; put in the grasses, suspended from a rod placed across the mouth of the vessel. Do not allow them to come into contact with the bottom, sides, or with each other. Remove them before they get too heavy; otherwise the stems will not support them. You may again heat the alum and add more grasses. By adding dyes it will give variety.—ORVA D. MANNING, Rochester, Pa.

Painting On Fabrics—No. II.

DAISIES AND WHEAT.—This design is No. 466, size 10x15. It may be stamped on a wooden or ebonized panel, satin, velvet, silk or bolting cloth. The colors needed will be silver white, pink madder, lemon yellow, chrome yellow and chrome green. Having stamped your design neatly on material, tassen (if a fabric) on painting board. If a panel or placque, they may be fastened to an easel or held in the hand. Paint the design first with the white, leaves and all. When this is dry the natural colors may be laid on. Paint the centers of the daisies with lemon yellow, afterward drawing a fine line of pure chrome yellow around the out edge of center. Use your finest brush for this purpose. Add a little white to lemon yellow to paint the wheat, adding a shade of pure lemon yellow here and there. Paint the leaves with chrome green, mixing a little lemon yellow for a lighter shade. Paint the stems with pure chrome green. The daisies must be painted the second time with white, adding a very faint touch of pink on some of the petals. Always begin at the point of a flower and paint in smooth even strokes towards the center.

SPRAY OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.—This pattern, No. 1,174 size 4½x9, is not only very pretty but very easily painted. For a large perfume sache, suitable to hang by a dressing-case, this would answer better than a more elaborate design. Brown or cream colored satin would be the best fabric. Stamp the design first. The colors needed will be lemon yellow, cobalt blue, silver white, chrome green, and a bottle of pale drying oil. One very fine and one medium size brush, long-handled camels' hair brush. To cobalt blue add enough white to make a clear, light blue; with this paint the forget-me-not, shading a little with a darker shade made by adding more cobalt blue. Make the centers of pure lemon yellow; paint the leaves and stems with chromogreen, lightened with a little lemon yellow.

Fabric work should remain stretched on the painting board until entirely dry.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s sl k, slip and knit; t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; d ch st, close chain stitch; d c s, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; s t st, crossed trouble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Insertion.—This pattern is very pretty for ladies or to put in pillow shams. Either knit in silk, thread or worsted. It is made in varying kes with leaf in center. Cast on 20 stitches with your extra stitches for edge (2 on each side.) 1st row—k 2 x p 1—n—k 3 —o—n—o—n—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—n x k 2. 2d row—k 2 x p 19—k 1 x k 2. 3d row—k 2 x p 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n x k 2. 4th, 6th and 8th rows—knit like 2d row. 5th row—k 2 x p 1—n—k 1—o—n—o—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1—n x k 2. 7th row—k 2 x p 1—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—n x k 2. 9th row—k 2 x n—o—n—o—n—o—k 9—o—n—o—n—k 1 x k 2. 10th row—k 2 x p all but last 2 stitches x k plain. 11th row—k 2 x k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—n—p 1—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—x k 2 12th row—k 2 x p 9—k 1—p 10 x k 2. 13th row—k 2 x k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—p 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 1 x k 2. 14th row—k 2 x p 9—k 1—p 10 x k 2. 15th row—k 2 x k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 2 x k 2. 16th and 18th rows—like the 14th row. 17th row—k 2 x k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—p 1—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 3 x k 2. 19th row—k 2 x k 5—o—n—o—n—o—slip 1—n—throw slip stitch over—o—n—o—n—o—k 4 x k 2. Repeat from 1st row. This pattern can be knit as wide as is needed for a lady by repeating the pattern between the x's.—MRS. L. E. MEINS, The Dalles, Oregon.

Correspondence.

NEED OF INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.—Some weeks ago I read a letter in the HOUSEHOLD that interested me very much. The writer, I believe, was a doctor. I think her plan of having associations to help women to obtain work is most excellent, but even then something more is needed.

My own case is only one of many both in city and country. I am living in the country where there is very little help hired, I have not education enough to teach and am too old to go to school. I have no literary ability and cannot write for the press. I have no artistic talent and cannot turn to the "fine art" craze. I have read all of Miss Bouton's letters, but so far none of them have suggested anything I could adopt.

What I am in search of is an industrial school for women, but so far I have not heard of one.

There are schools for young men, where they can learn all the practical trades, and there are schools for girls, but only designed to fit young girls for domestic servants.

Atlanta, Ga., has an industrial school for colored girls, where they are taught various trades. Wouldn't a school of that kind for our own race be a blessing to hundreds in every large city? A school that would give instruction in all trades that a woman could practice—of course including cooking and housekeeping—either free or at moderate terms, would be filled to overflowing all the time. If any of the BLADE readers know of such a one, I hope they will send the address to the BLADE. I would be glad to learn a trade of some kind, or get work at anything I could learn to do, something that would give me a comfortable living and be of "every day" use.

I have no objection to doing housework, but am not an experienced cook. The HOUSEHOLD has so many members that I hope some may read this who need help in something I can learn to do.—MIRA.

The writer of the above will be glad to know that there is a general interest aroused in the establishing of just such schools as she speaks of in connection with the public schools in different places, and the time is not far distant when girls can go to school and learn a trade thoroughly. Meanwhile "Mira" must remember what I tried so often in "Woman's Work," to impress, that to be able to earn money it is necessary to learn to do some one thing *well*. She says she has no objection to doing housework but is not a good cook. Why does she not go to work and learn to do this skillfully, so well that her services will be in demand at the very best wages? That is the only way to succeed in anything.—ED.

A DELAYED LETTER, TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—I have just read Miss Bouton's article on girls as servants. I remember her suggestion when speaking of women as newspaper correspondents. She said if we had really anything to say, we had better say it. Now as I can say just a word on this subject of becoming servant girls, and can speak from experience, as probably she cannot, I am going to say it. I shall neither be surprised nor offended, though, if she does not consider it worth publishing, or find it crowded out by more valuable suggestions.

There are two very serious objections that stand in the way of sensible, intelligent girls finding their work in the kitchen. I mean in some one else's kitchen, where they are working for wages.

One thing that I found very unpleasant was this: If Nina Grey goes to work for Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Davis has a little girl eight years old named Lucy, Nina is expected to say Miss Lucy every time she speaks to her, while, on the other hand, Miss Lucy simply says Nina from the first time she sees her. Perhaps I am over sensitive, but this coaching little children to speak in a superior, patronizing manner to the kitchen girl I found harder to bear than any slight from grown up persons could possibly be.

Now Nina might go to work for strangers in any other calling under the sun and she would be spoken to by all as either Miss Nina or Miss Grey, and naught but friendship would warrant any more familiar term. You may say that this is mere custom, but it is an assertion of superiority that I do not like. As for kitchen work, I consider it neither wearisome nor unpleasant work when taken in the abstract. I am sure that if it were not for this objection of which I have spoken and the fact that we have no time to call out own, I should prefer it to any other

In any other calling we either work by the day or by the job. But in kitchen work we have to do both. We have to work seven days in a week and not a moment is called expressly our own from the time we rise in the morning till we retire at night. The more work we do the more there is for us to do. To be sure most ladies give their girls one-half day out in a week, but they might be like myself—prefer to stay at home and read or study to promenading the streets, or visiting gay friends. I would not complain about giving my hours from 5 in the morning till 9 at night, if when I had the regular work done in the afternoon, I could have a chance to sit down in a quiet room by myself to sew, read or study, as I chose, until tea time. But if I get through quicker then I am expected to sew for Mrs. Davis, or take care of the children, or run an errand. Even this I could stand very well if I could have say Sunday as a day of rest. But there is my extra Sunday dinner to get, and although I have some leisure, it is very different from any other employment which gives all or very nearly of Sunday to the employed.

Now I leave it to intelligent housewives: Is it not unreasonable to expect girls to willingly give their whole waking hours, seven days in a week, to a mistress who teaches her very children to give them less respect than she teaches for the children themselves? I love the children and think more of their respect and love than of all the grown up people in the world. There is something wrong, and as very many of our American ladies who hire help are sincere in their efforts to make home pleasant for the servants I shall have to lay it to Custom. Verily, shall Custom tear a multitude of sins.—DOT.

LETTER WRITING.—I wish to say a few words through the BLADE to those who write to strangers. Persons engaged in the active duties of life are sometimes compelled, by stern necessity, to write to personal strangers, individuals that they have read of or heard of, but have never seen, and who do not know the name and address of the writer, nor even that such a person exists. And when one does, as it were, reach out the hands to a far-away stranger in that way, for an article that has been offered for sale, or ask the advice promised in an advertisement, it is highly necessary that the name and address should be written plainly, that no mistake may occur. No man or woman can read our thoughts, though he or she may be a brilliant scholar, nor guess accurately at an unknown name, though ever so scientific; and if you should forget to give your name and address, which some have done; you will lose your time, stationery and stamps, and gain a feeling of disappointment, only that and nothing more. I have received many cards and letters from strangers in the course of the last few months, and some of them I could not possibly answer. One of the best letters amongst them all was all right except the name, and I suspect that the name was all right, too; but I was unable to read it, and I sought and from those about me, but it availed nothing; no one could make out the name. And the writer, I have no doubt, is all this time thinking me a selfish person, that would not answer a letter when stamp was enclosed. Now, reader mine, do not think for a moment that I have the least notion of complaining, for surely I have not. Those letters from California, Wyoming Territory, Dakota and other distant points were worth more to me than silver or gold.—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Ky.

TEACHING GRAMMAR.—In an issue of August I find a communication signed "A. J. P.," who wants to hear from some one on the subject of teaching grammar; also the best method of presenting it to the pupil so as to make it interesting to them. I will attempt to give a few suggestions and will make them as brief as possible.

Grammar is generally considered as being a "dry" study, but when it is presented to the pupil in the right manner it becomes fascinating. While teaching orthography, the first part of grammar, have the pupil write a composition. Then criticize the spelling and capital letters.

The next topic is etymology. This is the most difficult part of grammar to teach. Have the pupil learn well the nine classes of words; also their properties. To do this, have the pupil diagram and parse a sentence daily. Illustrate all definitions by original examples and dwell on new points until well understood. Teach the pupil to reason and think, for grammar is a deep study. While teaching syntax have the pupil diagram and parse, then analyze the sentence. In teaching punctuation have the pupil write an essay, then criticize spelling, use of capital letters, and rules of punctuation.—JOS. HALEY, Edina, Mo.

Inquiries.

We frequently get letters complaining that inquiries sent are not inserted, and taking the omission as a personal slight. A little thought should convince anyone that there could be nothing of the kind intended. All are equally strangers and there could be no partiality shown. We intend to serve all alike, but it is impossible to publish all of the questions sent. We try to select those of the greatest general interest, and yet there are many that we would like to insert that are not, simply because we do not reach them. For the same reason, i. e., lack of room, we cannot republish recipes or answers unless so many ask for the same one that it seems in the character of a general request. Our friends must try and be patient with us, and have confidence in our wish to oblige each and every one so far as it is possible.—ED.

Can you tell me if there is a woman's exchange in Chicago or New York or Toledo, and the street and number to direct to?—IDA.

There is one in each of the cities named. Address a letter to any of them simply, "Woman's Exchange," with name of city and state, and it will reach them.—ED.

Can any reader of the HOUSEHOLD give directions for knitting a knee in a four-year-old child's stocking?—EMMA.

What will take mildew out of cotton?—SARA ARMSTRONG.

Will some reader or the editor please give me a remedy for sour stomach—no simple, common remedy, for I have tried so many things with no avail; am trying the hop tea recommended in the BLADE a few weeks ago; have tried bismouth, lime-water, magnesia, charcoal, soda, and I don't know what else, and still my stomach is sourer than vinegar; have not been able to do any work for more than a year, and would give any price for a known remedy.—A SUFFERER.

The trouble is possibly in your diet and mode of living. Your best way would be to send to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get "Health and Beauty," and follow the directions given there. You cannot fail to be benefited. The book will be sent to you postpaid for $1.

As my baby has been troubled with milk scald for quite a while (as the doctor calls it) I would like to have some cure for it.—HONEY BEE.

I would like to have a pretty pattern for mittens. Also to know what will keep pimples from coming on the face.—PRAIRIE ROSE.

You are probably eating more food of an oily nature than you ought to. The blood is out of order when pimples come out on the face. A very good thing for it is to give it a good deal of gentle friction after bathing it. Then be sure your digestion is in the best of order.—ED.

Will some one tell me whether a brass wire bird cage can be cleaned so as to look bright and nice? Or can it be regilded?—STRANGER.

Will "Elizabeth Elden," in giving cure for rheumatism, please explain her cure a little more definitely? She says, "Take six good-sized onions to a pint of molasses, steep until a thick syrup is formed, and take every two or three hours a day." What does she mean "By taking every two or three hours a day," the onions or the syrup, or both? Shall the onions be sliced or used whole, and how much will be taken at a time? I hope "Elizabeth Elden" will answer the foregoing in BLADE. It will be tried immediately.—PETER FORTUNE.

Please give a recipe for corning beef; also smoking the same? Give a recipe for pickeling pork so there will be no fear of its spoiling when hot weather comes.—D. W. M., Beulah, Or.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD department please give directions for making a Mother Hubbard hood, also, amount of material and kind used?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some one please send me a recipe for tanning musk-rat hides?—R. R. SCOFIELD, Raymond, Dak.

Where can I get white lilyroot for freckles? It does not grow near here.—GRACE TAYLOR.

Answers to Inquiries.

In reply to J. D. Anderson I would say that government land may be had in Southwestern Nebraska, 25 to 40 miles from rail road. Good improved farms may be had in South Central Nebraska for from $10 to $15 per acre.

To "Inquirer," that can make chairs, wheels, reels, tables and other things of wood, I think here is a good place for such a man, if he is honest, industrious and sober. Address—D. KILE, Jackson Valley, Susquehanna county, Pa.

In answer to inquiries concerning the salary of teachers in some of the Western states, will say that in Oregon a good lady teacher gets from $90 to $100 per term, three months. If she if above the average "schoolmarm" she will get more. There are a great many schools and a great many teachers, but any one that is ambitious and willing, will always find a school to teach if they have the courage to hunt it up. Am not posted as to what a gentleman gets for teaching, but presume it exceeds that of the lady.—DELLA ALLEN, Silverton, Oregon.

If "Tenderfoot" will try bathing the feet in a decoction of the inner bark of white oak, there will be no more trouble with sore feet.—SUSIE GRANT.

Having read in the BLADE a request to the person who gave the cancer cure, to send their address, I cheerfully respond: S. W. Cavanah, Vanderburg P. O., Webster Co., Ky. I would state right here, that I am no cancer doctor, but I procured the cancer recipe from an old lady 80 odd years old. She said she did not expect to live long, and did not want the recipe to die with her. She also requested me to have it published and as the BLADE had the largest circulation of any paper I knew of, I sent it to that paper. If any person or persons wants to know anything more about that cancer recipe, I will answer any inquiries at any time, with pleasure.

If the one who was troubled keeps the bird's perches clean, the bird's feet will soon get well.

To prevent bed sores bathe the body twice a day with alcohol.

Canary birds commence to sing at the age of from six weeks to three months.

"Mrs. Kettig" can cure her corns by bathing them every night with equal parts of turpentine and kerosene—sure remedy.

I will send "Della Owens" the shell stitch as soon as I can get it, for I want her cake recipe.

"Mary" can cure her boy's skin by bathing with glycerine, then dusting with magnesia. Put it on the face every time he goes out.

The mocking and cat bird can be tamed the same as any other bird and require the same food.

"S. M." can drive ants from her flower beds by putting saltpeter all around the bed, and they can be driven from cupboards, etc., in the same way. To color carpet rags use Diamond dyes. Will some one now tell me how to remove moles from the face? also freckles?—PALMA.

Some one wishes to know of a cure for bunions. I have seen several remedies, but not mine. Mine is pure carbolic acid, applied every evening. My bunions were so large they spoiled the shape of the shoe; now they are scarcely visible and painless. The cure was effected five years ago. Will the lady please tell in the HOUSEHOLD how she fed her thrush, and what?—MAGGIE MARR, Sioux City, Ia.

Recipes.

Mango Peppers.—Cut the ends off the peppers and clean out; soak two days in clear water; one week in salt and water; fill with cabbage and inclose.—S. L. J.

French Pickles.—Four q'ts. green tomatoes, 1 qt. small onions, 1 qt. small cucumbers, 1 small head of cabbage, head of cauliflower, 6 green peppers; cut up in small pieces and let stand 24 hours in a light brine, then boil ten minutes in the brine; then drain in a colander very dry. Paste to pour over the pickles: 6 teaspoonfuls of mustard ground, 1 tablespoonful of fumeric powder for coloring; 2 cupfuls of white sugar, 1 cupful of flour; mix these with water enough to form a paste; bring to a boiling heat 2 qts. of vinegar, 1 pt. of water; stir in the paste; cook as thick as soft custard, then put in the pickles and seal, then in fruit cans. They are excellent.—MRS. H. B. DICKINSON, Elmira.

Chili Sauce.—18 large ripe tomatoes, 4 green sweet peppers chopped fine, 4 teacupfuls vinegar, 2 tablespoonfuls salt, 4 ozs. sugar, 2 of ginger, 2 of cinnamon, 1 of cloves, 1 of allspice and 1 nutmeg; boil one hour.—ZEPHINA Z.

Picatilly.—Take 1 bushel green tomatoes, 1 dozen green cucumbers, 1 dozen large green peppers, 1 dozen large onions. Chop tomatoes and cucumbers fine, put together, and mix with 1 teacupful of salt, and let stand for twelve hours When chopping the tomatoes and cucumbers drain off all the water that will drain out conveniently. Take the peppers and onions and put in a separate jar and add a corresponding amount were it all mixed together, and let it remain the same length of time. In the morning drain through the colander the onions and peppers as you will not want to burn your hands with it as I did, and press with a plate or saucer. Then take a coarse linen cloth and squeeze all the water out of the tomatoes, and when this is done mixed together, add ¼ lb. black mustard seed, the same of white mustard seed, 1 oz. celery seed, or 4 large heads of celery chopped fine, 1 cupful brown sugar, 1 cupful grated horse radish and 1 gallon of best cider vinegar, and put it on the fire and cook till it boils for ten minutes. Don't put too much in your kettle at a time, for fear it will scorch on the bottom of kettle. Stir occasionally, and seal up. 'Twill keep for years if you don't eat it.

Chilli Sauce.—Take 1 peck large, ripe tomatoes, 4 green peppers, 2 large onions, chop all fine, or you can cut the tomatoes with a knife when you put them in the kettle. Add 5 tablespoonfuls sugar, 3 do. salt, and cook down quite thick; when nearly done add 4 cups of best cider vinegar, 2 tablespoonfuls ground cinnamon, 1 of cloves, 1 of allspice, 1 of ginger. Bottle or can and seal tight.

Flour Pudding.—To 1 pint of sweet milk take 1 egg, 4 tablespoonfuls of flour; sweeten and flavor to taste.—F. T. L.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: *Of Ourselves we will be Masters.*

Pledge.

WE DO HEREBY PROMISE OURSELVES THAT FROM THIS TIME UNTIL WE ARE 21 YEARS OLD WE WILL NOT TASTE INTOXICATING LIQUORS OF ANY KIND, AND WE WILL EXERT ALL OF OUR INFLUENCE TO PREVENT THEIR USE BY OTHERS. WITNESS OUR NAMES:

GRASS LAKE, MICH.
Wilford O. Wellman,
Freddie L. Wellman,
HULL PRAIRIE, O.
Harry Carter,
Lambert Carter,
Virgil Carter,
Ernest Jezzard.
LINTON, O.
Annie W. Brown.
BLOOMINGDALE, IND.
Xenophon F. Siler,
Bertha L. Newlin,
MONMOUTH, IA.
Otto L. Hunt,
NASHUA, IA.
Ida Witherspoon.
Melville Witherspoon.
EAST CAMPBELL, N. Y.
Wilson Messer.
Mattie J. Messer,
CARDINGTON, O.
Eddie P. Shields,
ECORSE, MICH.
Bertha Reno,
James Reno,
Willie David,
Rosa Grosvenor,
Charles Goodell,
Millie Grosvenor.
BALDWIN, IA.
Samuel C. Lowry,
Elmer J. Lowry.
George H. Lowry,
Sarah A. Clark,
Martha A. Lowry.
NEW CITY, PA.
Clarence H. Morian.
STOCKTON, KAN.
Ustle E. Hubble.
CLINTON, MO.
Oscar Vickers,
Earnest Vickers,
Norman Vickers,
John G. Jones.
FORESTVILLE, N. Y.
Ephraim H. Keyes.
ALBA, IA.
Alice Thomason,
Elmer Thomason,
Walter Thomason,
Grace Thomason.
TONAWANDA, N. Y.
Nellie Milliman,
Carrie Milliman.
HAMILTON, CANADA,
Charlie H. Hiles.
WASHINGTON, PA.
Nannie M. Otteson.
RESIDENCE NOT GIVEN.
Cora E. Fuhrman,
Frank E. Flagg,
Henry B. Flagg.
CONNEAUT, O.
Ray V. Lewis,
Harley Lewis.
OXFORD, IA.
Claudie L. Robinson.
Alta A. Robinson,
RACH, IND.
Dora B. Perkins,
ALTAMONT, ILL.
Ulysses S. Swarm.
CLIFTON, O.
Victor E. Berg.
Lawrence F. Berg.
ALTON, ILL.
Francis Zetler,
John W. Zetler.
GLOVER'S GAP, W. VA.
Charles C. Sellers.
METZ, W. VA.
Levi Smith.
MARCUS, IA.
Sarah C. Inglish,
Clyde C. Inglish.
BELLAIRE, MICH.
Nona B. Abbott,
Curzon Abbott,
Bemont Abbott.

Names this week, 61. Total, 96.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

BY GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

When mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me),
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an appie tree.
She always kept her hair in curl—
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her, you see),
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea.
She learned to knit, "plain," "seam" and "purl"—
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true—
"How far the season's o'er us whirl!
Your mamma, dear, was just like you,
When she was grandma's little girl!"

—*St. Nicholas for October.*

OUR "LEGION."

The membership roll of the BLADE Temperance Legion is increasing rapidly. One little 13-year-old sends in eight names of his friends and companions who have signed the pledge to be their own masters, so far as strong drink is concerned. He has evidently gone to work at once to carry out the last part of his promise, to exert his influence to keep others temperate. Another who cannot write, prints the pledge to show that he knows what he is about, and then signs it in clear, bold lettering. A little girl 10 years old writes: "I belong to the Band of Hope, and I want my name put to the pledge in the BLADE, as I expect to grow up a Temperance woman." So the good work goes on, and our Young Folks are not only strengthening their own determination to make of themselves good men and women, but are helping others by their influence in the right direction.

PEGGY'S GARDEN.

And What Grew Therein.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Continued from last week.

Now Peggy had never been to school, as had these charming young women; her father had taught her all he knew; but she could read and write, and knew enough of the English tongue to be assured of the fact that by no possible hallucination of the human imagination could her flowers be called "cute." The divine fitness of things was outraged by the word. Yet all the young ladies agreed that they were "cute," especially the little button-hole bouquets; those were *"perfectly* cute." Peggy looked up suddenly and caught the eye of the gentleman whom she had first heard speak; there was a comical gleam in his expression, as if he appreciated her wonder and perplexity. At that moment a tall young man sauntered toward them, dressed in the height of fashion and with an air of languid vacuity quite distressing to behold. The pearl-powdered young lady slipped around behind Peggy, saying in a half whisper, "Oh, dear, girls! there he comes again! He's been buzzing me all the morning! Really, I must get rid of him; I can't endure it any longer!" Totally bewildered, Peggy thought, "Is the gentleman a bumble-bee, that he has been 'buzzing'?" Without knowing exactly why, her whole soul revolted at the offenses against the "pure well of English undefiled" which were whispered across her basket; and soon this brilliant young person seemed odious to her. But the fashionable damsel was enthusiastic over the yellow and flame-colored flowers which Peggy held, and at once bought four bunches, putting a whole dollar into Peggy's hand. She knew they would be becoming to her "style," she said, and loosening their stems as she stood in the center of the group of girls, she spread the blossoms apart a little, and proceeded to put them on with some long pins she took from her belt, against her black dress, till from zone to shoulder she was a mass of flowers. "There," she cried, at last, "isn't that cunning!"

Certainly it was sufficiently brilliant and striking, "but oh," thought Peggy, "how ugly! One might as well make a door-mat of flowers." She could not bear to look at her marigolds with their heads crushed together in a solid mass; it seemed to her a wrong to the flowers and a discredit to the person who wore them; but she had to see it universally done the whole summer, for it was the fashion;" and that was enough. No matter what sin against taste it involved, it was the "style" and therefore the greater portion of the world would follow it, however ugly or absurd.

But now the contents of Peggy's basket began to disappear with surprising rapidity, faster and faster, till more than half of her nosegays were sold, and she was quite breathless with joy. Nothing had ever looked so beautiful to her as the coins of silver she held in her hand, which soon grew too small to hold them all! They meant bread for her hungry dear ones; they meant joy too that little home saddened by poverty. She cared no more what people said, what they thought; she was sure of success for to-day; she had already help for to-morrow in her delighted hands.

"May I have this pansy for my button-hole?" said a fine deep voice at her ear.

She started and turned and gave the speaker the last little bunch she had left; it was Mr. Willard. He put the flowers in their place and took from the basket two bunches of white sweet peas and slipped the money into her hand.

"Tell me," he said, very gently, "who taught you to put the colors in masses like these? Who do you do it?"

"I don't know," she answered, "they are prettier so," and she shyly proceeded to rearrange the nosegays she had left.

"Why do you put grass with the poppies?" he asked. "Did any one tell you to do it?"

"No," she said; "but don't you think they belong together?"

"Yes, they do," he said; "but who told you so?"

"No one—they told me themselves," she answered, smiling a little.

"Fortunate child!" he said; "they don't tell every one, though it's an open secret.

He was moving away with his hands full of sweet peas, and then seemed to remember something, and came back.

"Will you come with me," he said, "and bring your basket to a lady who is not strong enough to come so far down the piazza?"

Peggy followed silently, and in a sheltered crnner, shaded carefully from the sun, she found one of the loveliest sights she had ever seen. A lady, 60 years old perhaps, was lying back in a reclining chair, and about her several people sat quietly chatting. The lady's face was as fair as lilies, with eyes clear, and undimmed by her 60 years. Her smile was sweeter than any smile Peggy had ever seen. Her hair was like silvered snow over her calm forehead, and she wore above this shining hair a little cap of lace as delicate as if woven of cobwebs and hoar-frost with a bit of white satin ribbon like a moon beam folded on the top. "She is beautiful as my white sweet peas," thought Peggy, as Mr. Willard put the flowers into her lovely hands; "they just suit her."

"I've brought you some pansies, Mrs. Burton, as you see," said her friend; "and here is the little girl who knows all about them."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Mrs. Burton in a delightful, sympathetic voice; "a thousand thanks! And," turning to Peggy, "you brought them, my dear?" "Come nearer and let me see what else you have. Why, these are wonderful! Look at them, my daughter," she said to a sweet young girl who sat beside her. "Why, Nelly, did you ever see anything like them! What color, what Oriental splendor! Where did you get them? tell me, my child! I must have them all, every one; let me see, here are eight bouquets, five large and three smaller; 25 cents, did you say? Here it is; just two dollars. What is it—these small bunches only ten? Oh, never mind, I'm sure they're worth quite as much as the large ones. There, Nelly dear, that's for you, and this for you, and you, and you," she said, laughing delightfully, as she gave one to each person about her. "There, now, we all are happy; aren't we? And next, I wish to know all about these extraordinary flowers; sit down here, my dear, and tell me."

Peggy did as she was bid, though she longed to fly home, since her task was done for that day, but the lady had been so kind she could not refuse; indeed, no one could ever refuse *that* lady anything! When, by gentle questioning, she had won from Peggy all her story, she laid her hand on the little girl's bright hair

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, fruit culture, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with business letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

In answer to William Bolinger's inquiry last week, a sentence was made in error, "We hear your horse is incurable." It should have read "We fear your horse is incurable."

Information Wanted.

BOYS.—Will you please give me a reason why horses have bots worms and what is good for them.—A. H., Hornitos, Cal.—[The reason horses have the bots is because they cannot prevent the gad fly, which hovers around them in summer time, from lighting on them and depositing its eggs in their hair, especially about the shoulders and fore legs. The horse licks the eggs, which are stuck with a glutinous matter, and swallows them, when the larvæ stick to the coat of the stomach and are known as bots. In the form of bot-worm they pass the fall and winter in the horse's body, about eight months in all. The stomach of the horse is the natural habitation of the bot. Occasionally the diseased caused local irritation, but it is impossible to point out a single symptom that positively proves their presence, and many a good horse has been killed by drenching the animal for bots when they were entirely free from them. Morbid conditions of the stomach will sometimes so discommode these little creatures that they will perforate the walls of the stomach, and as the fluids escape the horse dies. But it is a very rare thing for the horse to be thus killed. So long horses are they of life that they have adhered to life after being immersed in spirits of turpentine, alcohol, nitric acid and muriatic acid. The editor would advise but little, if any, treatment for bots, as they are seldom dangerous, and pass away without injurious effects. Prof. Gamgee's prescription for bots is: Powdered asafœtida, 2 drachms; powdered savin and calomel, of each, 1½ drachms; oil of male shield fern, 6 drops; linseed oil, enough to make up with molasses and linseed, at night, and follow with an aloes purge next morning. Another plan is to give for three or four mornings ½ ounce of sulphate of copper, made into a ball, and followed with a purgative dose of aloes, repeating the medication after a week's interval.—ED.]

SHOULDER HURT.—I have a valuable mare whose shoulder has been hurt with the collar. It will heal up after work in the fall, but will get sore after one or two days in spring, and continue so through the season. What should I do to cure the soft, gristly bunch. Can you tell me how to remove it?—A. J. B., Hagerstown, Ill. [When the least rawness appears bathe the part several times a day with 1 part of water and ½ part of tinc ure of myrrh. In the spring you must not work your horse too hard. He should be given intervals of rest during the day for awhile, so that the tender shoulder may become hardened.—ED.]

WARTS ON NOSE.—Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE give me a cure for taking warts off a colt's nose? They are small and thick on its nose, and have been coming on for about four weeks. Some one please give me a remedy.—A READER, Philo, Ill. [Warts are often found in large numbers on the lips of colts, and are generally rubbed off or drop off. If they grow large and become deep rooted, they may be cut off, as stated heretofore in the BLADE, by passing a needle through the center, armed with a double thread, and twisting around the projections on either side, or they may be painted over with per-manganate of potash, a few applications of which will entirely destroy warts of a large size; or they may be removed with a knife. It has been recommended to snip them off with a sharp scissors close to the skin, and dress them with acetic acid.—ED.]

FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.—What is the best and handiest cure for foot rot in sheep? Answer soon as possible.—E. J. BRUNER, Almont, Mich. [This is a disgusting and painful disease, but with prompt treatment and care is always curable. The most important, the absolutely indispensable part, says the author of "Diseases of Live Stock," is the preparation of the hoof by cutting away every particle of the diseased structure. No remedy will succeed if this is neglected; almost any one of the dozen recommended will be satisfactory if this is well done.

The sheep should first have their feet cleaned, by grazing a day or two in a short, dry pasture; or by being driven through a gravelly brook, when this is practicable. As for the operation itself, Mr. Clox gives the following directions, which are none too minute:

The operator provides himself with a strong and sharp but narrow-bladed knife. He seats himself, and places the sheep on its back and open the cleft of the hoof. He then begins at the suture and cuts out all horn which has separated from the hoof and is suffused with matter. The inner sides of the horny capsule deserve especial attention, as do also the parts where the horn appears whiter and softer than on the other parts of the hoof. The knife must be freely used, and all loose horn removed up to the point where the connection remains unimpaired. The bleeding which may occur is wholly without danger.

A knowledge of the anatomy of the sheep's hoof will prevent the abuse of the knife. It is proper, in all cases, to pare down the sick hoof at the toe and external wall, because it can then be more easily examined, and does not touch the ground so forcibly when the animal is walking as when it is larger than the healthy one. The knife must be cleaned from time to time, so that the matter adhering to it does not infect the healthy parts.

If the disease be further advanced, and the secretion has collected far down in the hoof, the same operation is performed; and it will sometimes be necessary to remove the whole capsule. Every hidden channel which may be present should be sounded, opened and laid bare. If the wound becomes covered with blood during the operation, as is commonly the case, it should be frequently dried with tow. If a single diseased place remains from which the horn has not been removed, a cure cannot be expected. After cutting away a whole or a part of the horny capsule, it is always necessary to apply a bandage to protect the hoof from dangerous external irritation.

The foot thus thoroughly prepared, the next step is to apply a caustic. Of these, very many have been suggested. Col. Randall prefers to everything else a hot saturated solution of sulphate of copper (common blue vitriol). He fills a large, shallow tank with water, to the depth of four inches, and has each sheep stand ten minutes in it, or, in bad cases, longer. The solution is kept as hot as the hand can bear it, by the addition of boiling water saturated with vitriol. This he extols as the most certain, the easiest and the cheapest remedy he has ever tried.

For the same reasons Mr. Clox praises chloride of lime (common bleaching powder). After paring the foot, he covers it with the chloride, and fills the cleft with tow, in which rags are twisted into a small cord and fastened around the pastern joint. This forms a soft and tightly fitting bandage. The hoofs are inspected daily for some time, and the chloride renewed if necessary. Two or three applications may be required. In malignant cases, before applying the chloride, he would bath the parts with creosote, 1 part, alcohol, 4 parts. For 24 hours.

A popular cure in Central New York, is sulphate of copper, (blue vitriol), 1 pound; acetate of copper, (verdigris), ½ pound; linseed oil, 1 pint; tar, 1 quart. Rub the vitriol and verdigris in very fine powder, with the oil, then add the tar, and mix thoroughly.—ED.]

ANGORA GOATS.—I am wanting information on the Angora goat. Any one who has had experience in handling the Angora please write.—WM. PENNY, Russell, Kan.

CLEANING WOOL.—Will some one that has had experience in the woolen factories give the readers of the BLADE their method of cleaning wool that is gummy and full of dirt. In this country the wool gets so full of dirt it is hard to wash it out.—MRS. D. M. DOWNS, Alba, Umatilla County, Or.

Answers to Inquiries.

LUMP OR AN ANKLE SWEENY.—I notice one of your many readers says: "I have a horse that has a lump on his ankle. Please inform me what will take it away." But he fails to state what caused the lump to appear. Is the lump hard or soft? Perhaps you hurt your horse. Does it cause your horse to be lame? "Sweeny and how a horse acts that has it." No horse gets sweeny unless he has some other injuries and suffers pain, such as hoof bound, stoved in the shoulders, or anything that causes lameness and pain. If he has any of these I will insure sweeny. But cure the disease, and the sweeny is soon cured. A horse that is sweenied, his shoulder begins to sink in, and one side gets smaller than the other, but can give no better recipe than was given by the editor in last week's BLADE. I used the same on my horse this summer that was hurt in the shoulder and found it very good; but any horses sweenied should have the skin rubbed two or three times a day to cause the shoulder to fill up again. And do not expect your horse to stand hard and long drives. Give all the rest possible, and with good care I never knew a horse to die with sweeny.—A READER.

HICKORY NUTS.—Tell GEO. W. DENNISTON to plant hickory nuts as soon as possible after gathering, covering very shallow. Better plant them where trees are to grow, but they may be transplanted after one season's growth.—OSCAR DINWIDDIE, Orchard Grove, Ind.

RECIPE FOR A GOOD MANY DISEASES.—Inclosed you will find a recipe that will cure hogs of a good many diseases. Please publish it in your paper for the benefit of the public, and oblige a subscriber: Sulphur ½lb; gun powder 3 oz; cheyenne pepper 2 oz; borax 1 oz; copperas 2 oz; camphor gum 1 oz; anis seed 3 oz; ginger 4 oz; asafœtida 3 oz; flaxseed meal 4 oz; charcoal 6 oz. Directions: Put a tablespoon heaping full to each pail of swill. To drench, take about two-thirds of a tablespoonful with about 1 pint of water and pour down them. Let the people try this remedy on their hogs, and I think they will be satisfied with it, as it saved my hogs when nothing else would. If they cannot get them to drink they will have to drench them. The first time afterwards they will drink themselves.—E. B. KIMBERLY, Collins, Ia.

POLL EVIL.—In response to an inquiry in the BLADE by Mr. J. C. Daniel, of Mississippi, for a cure for poll evil in horses, I wish to say that I have a remedy for that dread disease that I have never known to fail, and have known it to cure some cases of very long standing. The remedy is, to take ten cents worth of gum salammoniac. When the disease is ulcerated and discharging pus, take the gum and trim it in the shape of a pencil and insert it in the pipes where the pus issues from. Do this once a day, washing the wound thoroughly before applying the medicine. In the early stages of the disease, when there is no external opening, dissolve the gum in alcohol, making it very strong. Lay cloths on the swelled part and wet frequently with this. I would like for Mr. Daniel to try this remedy and report through the BLADE.—D. L. MARTIN, Martin's Store, Ill.

Successful Poultry Raising.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Being a regular subscriber to your valuable paper and great admirer of its pronounced sentiments for the right, at all times, and knowing it has an enormous circulation among the most successful farmers of this country, I wish to venture some advice regarding the management of poultry successfully. What I shall say will be practical, if not theoretical. Theory is all right oftentimes, but not always practical.

DOES POULTRY PAY?

Yes. I know of no other investment that pay as well on the same amount of capital, as the poultry yard. With proper care and not too much crowded, I care not how much capital is employed. A man can raise and market ten thousand fowls as well as less, if enough and suitable yards and building are furnished.

WHAT KIND OF FOWLS ARE MOST PROFITABLE.

Well, every breed has its friends. That depends somewhat upon how you wish to make your poultry profitable to you. If only for eggs, considering the feed, White or Brown Leghorns will do well by you if properly fed and well cared for. If you want eggs and early market chickens, that being the highest prices, then get the Plymouth Rocks. The Plymouth Rock breed are unquestionable as good layers of large eggs as the Leghorns, and are nearly twice as large, and are the most healthy breed of fowls known. They attain their growth very rapidly, and get their plumage while young, are plump birds at two months, and will sell for more money as broilers than any other breed of fowls known.

Always remember that the purer the breed of fowls you select for certain purposes the more profitable they will be to you. Fanciers breed for certain points for years, and their costly experience and final success is handed down to the amateur oftentimes for much less money than could possibly be obtained in any other manner. Remember that the common dung hill fowl, well cared for, will be found much more valuable and profitable than the finest thoroughbred fowl, neglected and uncared for. Having hatched and raised over 1,000 chicks this season, on two acres of land, I shall try briefly to inform the many readers of the BLADE how we have accomplished our task. We provide a suitable house, putting sulphur under in the bottom of nest, and Persian insect powder on the feathers of the hen to prevent the lice from becoming troublesome.

Set eight or ten hens at a time, and when chicks are out, put all together in warm quarters, and set the hens again same as before, using new straw in nest each time. Keep your little orphans warm, for heat is life and cold is death. Feed them hard boiled eggs, rubbed fine, with bread crumbed fine, the first ten days. Allow no water until the fifth day—and only sparingly until after two weeks, for only in the above manner can you prevent diarrhea destroying many of them. By this time you have past the "Rubicon." Now you can change your feed to boiled potatoes, cracked wheat, millet and cracked corn. If kept clean and warm, the the above varied diet will carry them fast and finely on. If kept in a warm building the first ten days. Now build a yard sixteen feet square, with common lumber, twenty inches high. On west side of yard build them a home twelve feet long, three feet deep, two feet high in front and one foot on back. This house can be turned to front either east or south, and if you have no chickens, have a box to put up in front of the coop at night. Bore holes in back and front of coop, after June first, for ventilating. This will be the home for your first hundred chicks you hatch, and continue to provide similar quarters for each succeeding hundred. When first chicks are a month old remove their yard fence for some other hatch, for from this time on the little orphans will come home during the day, and in case of storm can be shut in from any danger in a few moments.

The coops should be cleaned out every other day, and a little clean straw put on the floor. Board floors must be used, and should be raised off the ground sufficiently to prevent dampness. By putting ten hens' chicks together they can be raised with much less trouble, and besides you keep the hens in single valiant service, at just the time of the year most profitable. More than half our hens were set three and four times. With plenty of food and water close at hand, and by the free use of Persian insect powder, the hens will not lose flesh in vitality after the first two weeks. Keep the lice away and feed liberally, and you need have no fear about the hen; she will not suffer very greatly, and after she is weaned from sitting, will go to laying again in two or three weeks.

To make hens lay, and at the same time to insure a healthy digestion of food—and furnish material to build a large frame for your growing chicks—in the following way: Make a trough, say sixteen feet long, and put in about two gallons of a mixture composed of equal parts of ground bone, oyster shells and charcoal. This must be used to be successful in the hatching degree. The digestive apparatus of a fowl demand the elements contained in the above mixture. A complete explanation of how it seems so necessary would require a lengthy explanation, and experience has shown that fowls without will not thrive near so well. In December I will give you all a plan for building an incubator for hatching 500 eggs at a time that you can have made at home with light expense and will be reliable.—S. H. VAN DOREN, D. D., Goodwine, Ill.

Too Much to Fat.

A stub-nosed pig is a chubby one. It is also an inactive animal. It is inclined too much to fat. It has little growth. It doesn't amount to much. There is a law that extremities are balanced or somewhat equalized. A pig with a longer nose will have a longer body, more range and growth. Growth is what we want in hogs. There may be a great deal of satisfaction to some folks to look at pigs' portraits and admire a short nose and overgrown cheeks and eyes out of sight; but I confess I like to see a clean cut head, with a body indicating some muscle and expansion. These fashionable hogs are helpless things, and must be fed and waited on like babies. The form is unnatural. They are the poor breeders. Crankiness, selection and stupidity are not good qualities for breeding. The pigs will be few, weak and small, and the sows make lazy and unprofitable mothers. The short-nose fancy reached the climax in Suffolks, and has about run them out. The Essex breeders caught it badly, and so did the Berkshire breeders, and a dozen years ago the best specimens of this most excellent breed were sacrificed to fashionable folly. The Essex got a bad setback, as the little roly-poly chunks were mere babies, and pork makers found there was no money in them. Before this day of folly I had a Berkshire boar, bred by William Crozier, which dressed over 600 pounds. Such Berkshires paid, and hogs like them will pay.—*Col. Curtis in Rural New Yorker.*

Mistaken Idea.

Scottish Agricultural Gazette: It is a mistaken idea that a horse must be kept in fear with the whip. He must first be taken in hand to learn the voice, and gradually made to understand by example the meaning of what is said to him. Teaching a horse is just like teaching a child. When you commence the alphabet with the latter you make him repeat it, so as to familiarize him with the sound and appearance of each letter. So with the horse, if you want him to go to the left or right, when you say "left" you lead him by the head in that direction until he goes in that way without your aid. To be sure, it takes time to make him understand, but he will get as used to the words you speak and the meaning, as he does to "whoa" and "gee up."

News of the Week.

GRANT-JOHNSON.

Pres. Johnson's Plans for Punishing Rebels Thwarted by Gen. Grant.

Hon. Chauncy M. Depew has furnished to the press an open letter to Col. F. D. Grant, giving the particulars of a conversation which the writer had with Gen. Grant, and to which he had alluded in a speech before the New York chamber of commerce. Mr. Depew writes:

The conversation drifted into a consideration of his relations with Pres. Andrew Johnson. The narrative of this period was one of the most graphic descriptions to which I ever listened, and it is unfortunate for history and posterity that it cannot be preserved as it was told. It had the local coloring of conversations with, and statements by, the chief actors, and of the situations of parties and persons as the events occurred, invaluable as a portraiture and estimate of the times. I said in my address that Gen. Grant performed services to his country, which were unwritten, quite as important as any that were recorded, and I think this narrative will bear me out.

This is the substance of the story: Johnson began, the day after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, to proclaim at all times and places, with constant reiteration, "Treason is odious and must be punished, and the chief rebels shall be hung." To give effect to this sentiment, as soon as he was inaugurated, he insisted on the United States court in Virginia finding indictments against all leading members of the Confederacy. He also wanted the officers in the rebel army who had left the regular army to join the rebellion to be summarily dealt with by court martial. These movements of the President produced the greatest consternation throughout the South. The Confederate leaders appealed to Gen. Grant to protect them on the parole he had given. He saw Johnson on the subject, only to be informed that the President was, by the constitution, commander-in-chief of the army, and that anything done by the commanding general in the field he was done subject to his approval or rejection, and he rejected the terms. Gen. Grant urged that the rebels had surrendered on these conditions, disbanded their organizations, submitted universally to the situation, and were carrying out in good faith their part of the agreements; and every consideration of both honor or expediency demanded equal good faith on the part of the government. The other course would have led to an endless guerrilla warfare, conducted in a country admirably adapted for it by desperate and hopeless men. Johnson obstinately adhered to his view and assumed the authority of commander, when Grant flatly told him that if there were to be any court martials, one must be called to try Gen. Grant first; that he would, by every manner in his power, protect his parole, and appeal to the Congress of the country. In the halt called by this attitude of Gen. Grant, a remarkable change occurred in the views and policy of Pres. Johnson. Gen. Grant discovered that the most frequent and favored visitors to the White House were the men that the President had proscribed. In the general's opinion Johnson's loyalty was subordinate to, if not entirely dependent on his intense hatred to the slaveholding oligarchy. He was a poor write, had been a journeyman tailor, and notwithstanding this distinguished position he held, he could not break through the class barriers, and was treated socially with contempt by his proud aristocracy. When they plunged into the rebellion, he saw his opportunity. He believed in the power of the government, and though at the time he was overwhelmed, and when he could defeat his enemies, confiscate their property, humiliate their pride and possibly destroy them. The absorbing passion of his life had been to be received and treated as one of them by the oligarchy. Having failed in that and suffered insult and indignity in the effort, he became one of the most vindictive of men. He saw them foiled in their rebellion, defeated and impoverished, and now he wanted to humiliate and kill them. While he was devising means to overcome Gen. Grant's reluctance to this last purpose, the leaders of the old feudalism called upon him. They admitted their former treatment of him, and justified it; they said in all ages and countries, where caste distinctions existed, conditions were always possible which promoted men, who had achieved success, to the honor in a decadent order. As President of the United States he became, regardless of birth or ancestry, not only a member of their order, but its leader. Johnson was wild with delight; ambition and pride were both satisfied. He became as anxious to sustain and perpetuate in some form a system which had given the highest social and political distinction to a few great families, as he had been to destroy it. Grant did not have long to wait for the formulation of his plan. The President sent for him and said the radical measures of Congress were revolutionary and would destroy the country. The war was over and the republic wanted peace, and that was possible only by a union of all sections. The provisional government provided for the seceded states were temporary expedients within constitutional authority, and the states had all the rights and should possess all the powers they had before the war. He had perfected a scheme to accomplish this result, and with Gen. Grant's assistance its success was assured. He would, by proclamation, direct the rebel states to send to Washington their full quota of Senators and Representatives. He had assurances from enough members from the North, who, united with them, would make a quorum of one house at least, if not both. The Congress thus formed he would recognize and install at the capital. If the Northern members did not choose to join they would be powerless.

To the General's suggestion that this would start the civil war afresh, the President replied: "They who do it will be the rebels, but if you sustain me resistance is impossible." He appealed to Grant to stand by him in the crisis, and they would be the saviors of the republic. After endeavoring for a long time in vain to convince the President of the folly of such a course, and its certain failure, no matter who sustained it, Grant finally told him that he would drive the congress so constituted out of the capital at the point of the bayonet, give possession of the building to senators and representatives of the loyal states and protect them. If necessary he would appeal to the country and the army he had so recently mustered out of service. Mr. Johnson asked him if he did not recognize the powers vested in the President by the constitution, and if he would refuse to obey the commander-in-chief. Gen Grant said that under such circumstances he most certainly would. Shortly afterward the President sent for Gen. Grant and said to him that the relations of our government with Mexico were very delicate, and he wished him to go to the City of Mexico on a very important mission. The general knew that this was to get him out of the way, and put it in the power of the President to call, as his successor to Washington, some officer upon whom he could rely. He replied that that if the appointment was a diplomatic one he declined. But if it was a military, he refused to obey, because the general of the army could not be ordered to a foreign country with which we are at peace.

The interview was a stormy one but the subject was dropped. One day the general was sent west on a tour of inspection. He knew that Gen. Sherman was to be his successor and in him he had absolute confidence. The outspoken loyalty of that great soldier prevented the project ever being renewed. There at this date is needless to speculate upon what might have happened had Gen. Grant actively assisted or passively obeyed the President. No one doubts the courage or obstinacy of Andrew Johnson, and only a man of equal firmness and determination could have prevented a most calamitous and unfortunate strife at the most critical period of the reconstruction of the republic. Yours, very truly,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Col. Grant has replied to this letter, saying that it substantially agrees with his recollection of conversations had with his father, and with letters and documents in his possession.

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